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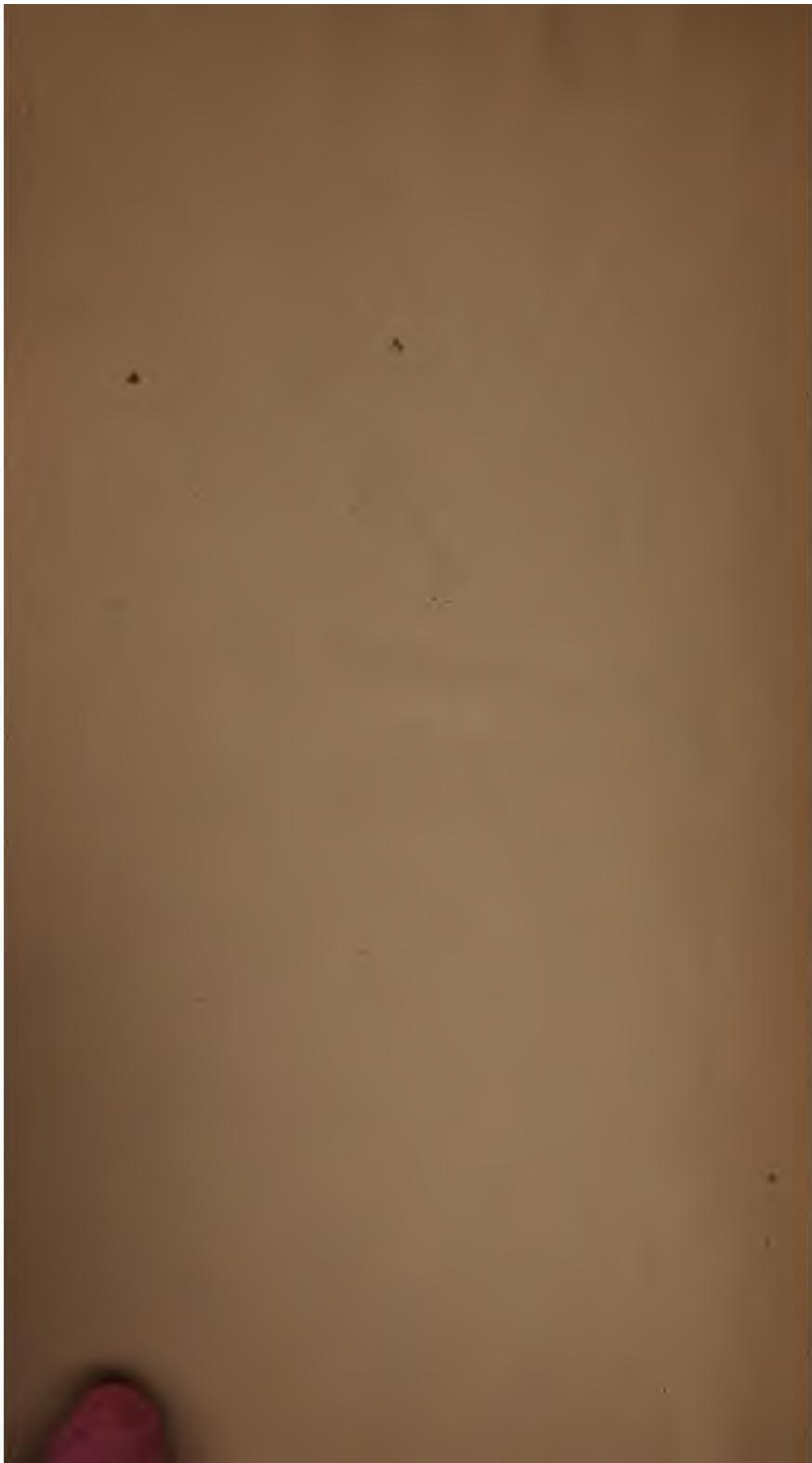
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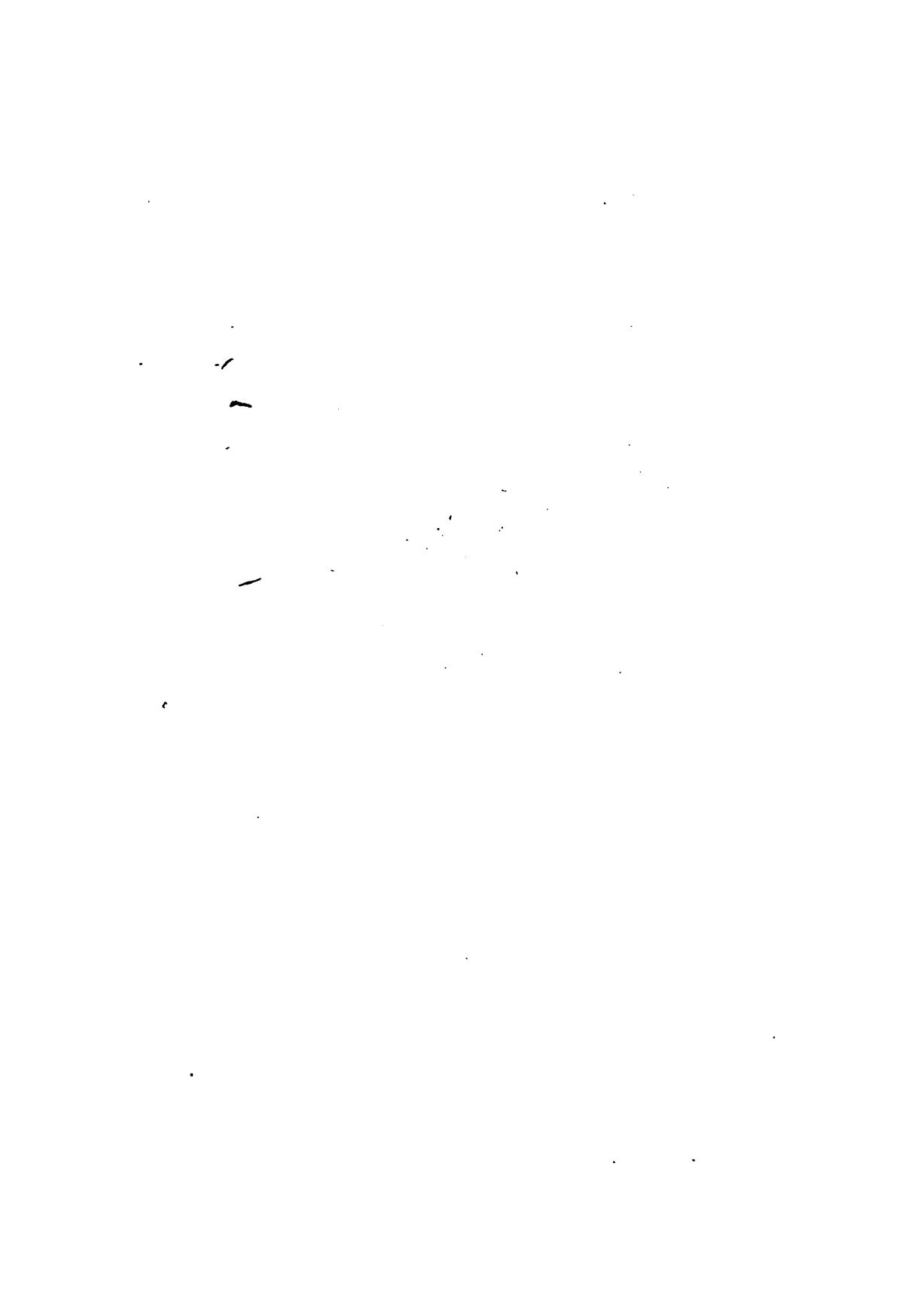


THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918









0

JOHN SAVILE OF HAYSTED.

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FEUDAL TIMES" "KING OF
THE COMMONS" &c.

LONDON:
T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1847.

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White, Rev. James E.
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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GEORGE VILLIERS, *Duke of Buckingham.*

JOHN EPSLIE.

NED TRIVETT.

SIR STEPHEN JEWEL.

GRANVILLE.

} (*his Retainers.*)

JOHN SAVILE, *of Haysted—a Country Gentleman.*

JOHN FELTON—*his kinsman—a fanatic.*

MASTER CLAYTON—*a neighbour of Savile.*

SOUBISE, *and other French Noblemen.*

ATTENDANTS—SERVANTS &c., &c.

LILIAN SAVILE—*daughter of John Savile.*

MISTRESS BRIDGET—*his sister.*

The Scene in the Three first Acts is at Haysted Hall and Ipswich, in Suffolk. In the Two last, at Porstsmouth.

Date—1628.

TO

CHARLES DICKENS

THIS PLAY IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION

OF HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

JOHN SAVILE OF HAYSTED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Anteroom in Buckingham's Lodging at Ipswich.*

JACK EPSLIE, JEWEL, and other dependants of Buckingham.

JEWEL.

How long this meeting holds ! It doesn't look
As if old Mother Parliament had power
To sink his Grace.

GRANVILLE.

His Grace is of stout oak—
Trim sailed and firmly built ; and the old Dame—
Old toothless—breathless—crack-voiced Parliament
Impeachment quotha—down with Buckingham !
Can only scream and scold—Why, all her breath
Wouldn't upset a Cock boat.

JEWEL.

If well steered,
Yawing a little, just to escape the blast
That fills the sail the more, not sinks the Vessel.

GRANVILLE.

Ha! my old Commodore—my Jackie Tar—
My boy of shrouds and hammocks!

JEWEL.

Look ye, Sir,
I'll have no names. I've sailed—but, 'pon my soul,
I hate your tar and hammocks, and your shrouds,—
And know as little about it, as another.

GRANVILLE.

Come—come—don't blush—you'll be an Admiral.

JEWEL.

On land—so it's on land; and let those men—
Those nasty fellows—ignorant of soap,
And ruffles,—noseless of the difference
Between the Extrait de Mille fleurs and pitch—
Let *them* to sea—

Enter NED TRIVETT.

NED.

Boys!—boys—my fortune's made!

JEWEL.

Your fortune's made?

NED.

I mean a Maid's my fortune;
The prettiest child—Oh! such a thing to look at—
Like—like—what *is* the little Fairy's name
In Shakespeare?—the small Queen, that drives her team
Along an Alderman's nose?—Queen Mab—so sweet,
So light, so gay, so beautiful! Where stays
Our Master? Where's his Grace?—My fortune's made!

JEWEL.

Where is this tiny paragon to be seen ?

NED.

Only in dreams, my boy ; no waking eye
Shall see her, but my own and Buckingham's.

JEWEL.

Oho ! the wind blows that way. What a shame
My sister Moll should squint !

EPSLIE.

Tush ! trust him not.

NED.

There spoke old sober Jack !—this fellow once
Was deep in love,—true love—no counterfeit ;
He sigh'd and sobb'd—and ever since that time,
If I but hint about a pair of eyes,
Or pretty cheeks, to do his Grace a kindness,
“ Tush !” cries Jack Epslie ;—prithee, sober Jack,
Tell us about thy sweetheart.

EPSLIE.

Listen, Sir—

There are two subjects—nay, there may be more—
That he that tries to jest upon with *me*,
Had better make his Will—That's one of them.

(turns away.)

(NED puts his hand to his sword.)

JEWEL.

Come, come—put up the rapier, Ned !

NED.

Well—well!

JEWEL.

The window's open—Jack is such a fellow
He'll toss you out, like a brass half-penny.

NED.

Mum, boy ! Here comes his Grace !

(Enter BUCKINGHAM.)

Good day, your Grace !

(Several of the others.)

Your Grace—My Lord—

BUCKINGHAM.

Down, with a wanion to ye !
D'ye think I've breath left, after these dull knaves
Have held me in hot speech, this dozen hours ?
I will not speak to-day, unless to swear
At Ipswich Burghers—out on their stingy claws !
They will not yield one penny to our use.

NED.

It was not for *one* penny that you asked them.

BUCKINGHAM.

Tush ! bully Ned. If it had been a coin
Smaller than that, they would have buttoned up
Their greasy pouches, and held forth an hour
About a Parliament—a Parliament !
Who was the fool invented Parliaments ?

JEWEL.

A rival of the man invented Kings—

NED.

The same ill-soul'd Mechanical that made
A strong box first.

JEWEL.

And kept the key in his pocket.

NED.

The Church it must have been ; the same good Pope,
Who sent an expedition down below,
And found out Purgatory.

BUCKINGHAM.

If he'd gone
A little further, he'd ha' found a place
Liker than that—the low, base, hulking rascals !
But there's a good, stout whip—Prerogative—
Shall smoke their villainous hides.

JEWEL.

Your Grace's hand
Lays on the double thong in such rare style,
The blind and lame must jump—

BUCKINGHAM.

Or fall in the ditch.
Well—well—I'll think no more on't.

NED.

Please your Gracc,
If old Jack Epslie—sober-sided Jack—
Were out of hearing, I would speak to you.

BUCKINGHAM (*to EPSLIE*).

Off, sober-sides ; and find me out the names
Of the ten richest Burghers in the Town.
They must pay down a thousand pounds a-piece,
By way of duty and benevolence ;
Or, by the Lord, I'll send them all to sea,
To swab the decks, or slim their pursy bodies,
By climbing up to the topmast.—Off! you rogue !

[*Exit EPSLIE.*

What is't you'd say? Say it quickly, bully Ned—
Hast found a Burgomaster, or stout Squire,
Worth squeezing?

NED.

Oh! a Burgo-mistress, rather—
Such a sweet Suffolk Dumpling!

BUCKINGHAM.

Filled with coin?
A Brewer's Widow?

NED.

Filled with more than coin—
Ransomless smiles—two rows of glistening pearls,
Might buy an Empire—twin Perus in her eyes—
Shoulders of dearest ivory—and a shape
Nobler than Danae's, when she sank beneath
The golden shower.

BUCKINGHAM.

Prithee, bully Ned,
Tie me this shoe point—I scarce think the red
Is aptly chosen—I like yellow better
To my green shoes.

NED (*ties the shoe.*)

And then her voice, your Grace,
Musical as—

BUCKINGHAM.

The golden shower you spoke of,
As it came singing into Danae's lap.
Who is she?—Draw my sword belt in, an inch—
I think my waist grows Burgherish of late.

NED.

Oh! no, your Grace. England knows no such shape,
Nor Spain—no, nor the highest eyes in France
Ne'er rested on a form, they lov'd so well.

BUCKINGHAM.

Hush ! bully Ned. The highest eyes in France—
I'll give a lesson now to that old dog—
That Cur in the Manger—that old rascally Richelieu,
That came between the sweet love of a Queen
And her poor Servant—poor, soft Buckingham !
Why if a Queen must be so silly, Ned,
As love a man—who—Give me the other glove—
I think the 'broidered wrist a good device—
I'm the inventor.

NED.

It is exquisite !

BUCKINGHAM.

And this fair thing you speak of—has this face—
This simple form—done murder there, too ?

NED.

No—

She never saw your Grace ; and I misdoubt
She has no wish to see you—if she did,
She might not yield so easily.

BUCKINGHAM.

Silly Ned !

Pull my cloak straight. Where did you hear of her ?

NED.

Some eight miles hence, I rode across a lawn,
Trim-kept, and cut into fantastic shapes
With rosaries, and little beds of flowers,
Cutting the turf into rich stars of lilies,
Squares of tall hyacinths, and great round O's
Of pinks, geraniums, and sweet marjorams—

BUCKINGHAM.

Some gardener's little moppet ! No, sweet Ned,
You shall not tempt me with your eloquence

To look on her. Those Country Simpletons
Are sillier than a Court-bred Marchioness,
And far more tiresome.

NED.

By the side she walked
Of an old Squire—a bluff old gentleman—
Straight back'd, square set, and grizzled in the locks ;
And as he walked, with his fond arm supported
On the gay creature's neck, that clung to him,
And looked up in his kind old face and smiled,
As he looked down again into her face
And smiled,—a thought came bounce into my head,
She'd please your Grace.—I think she may be won
From that old moated Hall.

BUCKINGHAM.

Ha?—that looks well—
A moated Hall; you're sure that grizzly rogue
That hugged her, was her father? Get her me.

NED.

I will; I think I can; and if—your Grace—
I spoke before—of that rich Treasurership—

BUCKINGHAM.

Hem!—Well—if she is really as you say—
I think the King will deem your services
To Church and State, deserving of reward.
You'll have the Treasurership.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

A gentleman,
Too late to attend the levee of your Grace,
Claims entrance.

BUCKINGHAM.

Claims it? If the fellow had begged,
It might be different—send him to the devil!

(Enter JOHN FELTON.)

So, Sir, what want you here? Quick, bully Ned,
Ask him his business. (turns away.)

FELTON.

I'll tell your Grace,
If you will let me.—I'll have no more doings
With Master Trivett.

BUCKINGHAM.

Oh! you know him, Ned—

NED.

'Tis Felton;—An old Officer of the force
Your Grace commanded at the Isle of Rhé

BUCKINGHAM.

Well—well—we've heard enough of the Isle of Rhé—

FELTON.

Yes, Sir—I have no gift of eloquence—
I'm a plain man—and after being mock'd so often
By the silk-doubletted, white-feathered things,
Like this gay gentleman—a thought has come
Into my heart—it haunts me every night—
To see you, face to face.

BUCKINGHAM.

Gramercy, Sir,
Go on.—How savage the man looks!

FELTON.

My lord,
When we were driven back, and the whole force
Was making for the ships—after the French
Out flank'd your Grace—

NED.

Hush, fellow !

BUCKINGHAM.

Let him talk—

And give me my black beaver.

FELTON.

All at once
An ambuscade of fifteen hundred strong,
Rushed on us—and a panic seized the troops ;
Your Grace was in the midst, and luckily—
It was no merit of my own—by chance—
I led the column next the enemy,
And shewed a front, that gave you time to escape.
And as I lost my men—and got a wound
That's maim'd me in the shoulder—I was told
Your Grace had promised me the Captaincy,—
But I have waited all in vain.

BUCKINGHAM.

Good man,
Why plague you me about your Captaincies ?
I hear so many boasters vaunt their deeds,
That I have found it safer never to trust
A word of one of them. So now, begone !—
Show him the door, good Trivett.

NED.

Right wheel ! March !
God's name, who made your doublet ?

FELTON.

Is this all ?

BUCKINGHAM.

'Tis more than you deserve. Away with him !

FELTON.

I'm sorry you give such reply as this—

BUCKINGHAM.

Off!

FELTON.

Recollect I bled to save your life—

BUCKINGHAM (*laughs.*)

Aha! ha! ha!

FELTON.

Some things are writ in Heaven—
I think I see the words in a dark sky
Dimly—but they are there—

BUCKINGHAM.

Why do you wait?

FELTON.

Well—so I take my answer.—If I sin,
Forgive me! I will wrestle with this thought. [Exit.

BUCKINGHAM.

A gloomy visaged savage! Now then, Ned,
About it straight—if she is fair and young,
The Treasurership is your's. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Haysted. The Hall.*

MISTRESS BRIDGET. LILIAN SAVILE crossing the Hall.

BRIDGET.

Whither so fast, good Mistress Malapert?

LILIAN.

Oh! stop me not, kind aunt; I heard the dogs,
I'm sure my father's near!

BRIDGET.

Remember, child,
Your aunt is nearer:—I saw no curtsey, minx,
As you came in.

LILIAN.

Oh! Aunt—there!—will that do?

BRIDGET.

No—but your father spoils you.—In my time,
If I had bounced into a room as quick
And gracelessly as you, my mother's cane
Would have been teacher of more courtliness.
But that's all past. The world is changed—good luck!
Not for the better—not for the better—Mistress.

LILIAN.

Oh! Aunt, you keep me—there! they bark again—
I'm sure he's at the bridge—do let me go!

BRIDGET.

Curtsey, then.

(*While LILIAN is curtseying—Enter SAVILE.*)

SAVILE.

Lilian! that's idolatry!

LILIAN.

Oh! father!—

BRIDGET.

There they go—Oh! father, quotha!
No more than that.—I tell you, Master Savile,
Tho' you're my brother—

SAVILE.

Younger brother, Bridget—
Forget not that.

BRIDGET.

A year or two—

SAVILE.

Ten! ten!
I've got the register.—There, that will do—
Take the whip too.—Why, what a pretty work,
To bob and bend, before your lady aunt!
Though, 'faith, she'd do to fill a chapel niche—
Commander-in-Chief of the ten-thousand Virgins,
As well as Ursula herself.—Is this
Your play or business, when I'm out in' the field,
To crook your knees for ever?—Silly girl!
You'll lose your lightness, if you load yourself
With an aunt's wisdom.

BRIDGET.

It would serve her better,
To listen to advice.

SAVILE.

Why so she does,
Good sister, so she does—don't you, dear Lilian?
You listen to *my* advice?

LILIAN.

Oh! always—always—
You are so kind—so good—so—

SAVILE.

Tilly vally—
You'll spoil me with your praises.—Bustle now,
Let's to the sirloin straight, and tell the men

To go to the buttery—we've had sport to-day—
 And drink brown Carlo's health, in humming ale.
 He's a rare dog, and never missed his hare
 More than't had been a tortoise.

BRIDGET.

I'll give charge.

SAVILE.

And tell them to prepare a warm bran mash
 For Forester—I think he's taken a cold,—
 And wheezes at his leaps. And, Sister mine,
 Tell them to brew a bowl of mighty punch
 For old John Savile—he's like Forester,
 And has ta'en cold no less, and wheezes too!

BRIDGET.

Ah! brother, you will never be steadied!

SAVILE.

No—

Unless I balance on my head a pillar,
 Like my sage Sister; you took pattern for't
 From the tow'r o' Babel.

BRIDGET.

Sir, I take my leave.

Exit.

SAVILE.

Aye, there she goes— as good a Creature as ever
 Wrapt itself in a mummyhood of linen—
 Lappet, and stomacher, and fardingale,
 Till it imbibed the starch.

LILIAN.

Ah! dear old Aunt!
 I love her dearly—though she talks so much
 About the stately times of good Queen Bess.

SAVILE.

God send we ne'er have worse.

LILIAN.

Your brow is sad—

SAVILE.

No—no—not sad—you never shall see a cloud,
See!—it goes off, as I but look on you.
Where have you been all day? What have you done?

LILIAN.

Nowhere—and nothing? 'tis no long confession.

SAVILE.

But earns sharp penance; simple Lilian,
There should be no such words in the English tongue,
For brave young lips like yours.—Why, “nowhere”—
“Nothing!”—what mean the words? Leave empty
heads
And empty hearts to their “nowhere’s,” and “nothing’s.”
Have you no poor to visit?—nay, no flowers
To tend on?—not a book to labour through?
A frame to broider?—is your needle rusty?
Have you no clothes to mend, to cut, to sew?
No cat to give its milk?—no kitten to feed?
Out on your “nowhere’s” and your “nothing’s” here!

LILIAN.

Well, I was busy—Oh! how busy I was!
First, I took bread in a basket to the moat,
And leant across the bridge, and flung it down—

SAVILE.

So much to please the Swans—

LILIAN.

Then thro' the Park
I gallop'd poor old Dapple, with the dogs
Tray, Frisk, and Pantaloona, all after me,
An hour—

SAVILE.

That's good—I see upon your cheek
The fresh touch of the wild air's finger yet;
I think 't has left a dimple.

LILIAN.

Then I walked
In the home garden, and prepared a wreath
Of such rare flowers—see, here it is—to place
On the victorious head of Captain Jack!

SAVILE.

Why, where's he gone to? Is he not returned?

LILIAN.

Not yet.

SAVILE.

Well, place it on his poor bare brows.
I think the Duke can't keep so hard a heart,
As grudge the Captaincy. He's laboured for't,
And toil'd, and dreamt about it, till, at last,
I think his brain will go.

LILIAN.

I pity him,
Poor simple gentleman,—that looks so sad,
And reads so much—he should have been a Priest.

SAVILE.

He's a true hearted man; not over bright,
And very modest. If great Buckingham
Could gain a few such hearts as our poor Cousin's,
He'd bear a higher head than he does now.

LILIAN.

Oh! what I'd give, to see the Duke!

SAVILE.

Poor fool!

Talk not so wildly.

LILIAN.

I can't bear my Cousin
To knit his brows so, when he hears his name,
And speak so harshly.

SAVILE.

Does he? Well, my girl,
Two people seldom see by the same light.
For you—you're but a thoughtless popinjay,
Fancying whate'er you list,—and flinging forth
Great floods of sunshine over all you dream of,
Till eyes so owl-like as poor Jack's, are blinded.
What think you, now, of stately Buckingham?
Has he two heads? or wings upon his shoulders?
Or is he only like the rest of us,
A mortal piece of flesh?

LILIAN.

I've painted him,
Till I see all his features like my hand;
A presence, that subdues you to itself,—
Not like a King's—or statue of a God—
No—no—it holds you in a sort of awe,
Not fear—but something sacred, like the sound
Of organs and full choirs, in the dim aisle
Of some serene Cathedral, at midnight.
And his high brow, and the calm light that falls
From his soft eyes—as if it was a light
That came from them—not like our light of day,
But a sweet inner flame;—you'll laugh at me!

SAVILE (*sadly.*)

No, I don't laugh—I wish you had never dreamt
Of anything like that.—Lilian—my Lilian !
Think not of such fond dreamings !

LILIAN.

And his smile—

SAVILE.

No ! no !—I spoke to you in gladness—see !
I speak not gaily now—banish the thought.
Lilian—it was in musings such as these,
Your Sister lived ; she saw with dreamy eyes,
Not what things were—but what she painted them.
She raised an idol for herself—and spent
Her heart in worship—and the thing she made
Into a deity—was—curses on him !—
If I had thought, when Alice pined to death,
Day after day—looking so lovingly
Up the approach, to watch his coming step,
That he would come no more—but leave my child,
My life—my eldest hope—to die—to die !
Curse on him !—I will see him yet !

LILIAN.

Oh ! father—

Think not of Epslie's fault—

SAVILE.

Name not his name !

Let him go fawn on Power; but he shan't sneer
At poor John Savile's grief, and the weak Girl—
The dreamy Solitary—Look not so,—
I see the self-same light in your sweet eyes—
Keep your heart calm—fill not your father's soul,
Your kind old father—with such misery.
No—no—feed not such thoughts—let us be gay.

Ah! you have dimm'd the brow, that your first sight
 Had made so cloudless. Come—come—let us join
 Aunt Bridget; she has got the sirloin ready.
 Promise me you'll be merry.

LILIAN.

That I will!
 And blest to be beside you—Oh! no cloud
 Shall come on *you*, while I am near.

SAVILE.

A step—
 I hear a heavy step across the bridge.

LILIAN.

'Tis Cousin John, the gallant Captain John!
 Where is the wreath?—Oh, here it is!

(Enter JOHN FELTON.)

SAVILE.

Come in,
 Bold Captain—I may call you so, I hope?

LILIAN.

I crown you, gallant Captain!

SAVILE.

Why, you're grown
 Too proud and haughty with the dignity.
 What! Cousin, won't you speak?—You've got your
 claim?

LILIAN.

The Duke was pleased to see you?

FELTON.

Take it away—
 I have no right to flowers—take them away!

SAVILE.

What?—honest Jack—you’re tired—you’re travel-stained—
Tell us you’ve gained your quest.

FELTON.

Oh, Sir—forbear!
I’m blunt and ignorant, and getting old;
Not that I’ve lived so long—but—and your wit
Is great—and so’s your kindness—so, your pardon.
I have no rallying to retort on you.
But I’ve had thoughts—all on my weary road
From Ipswich—thro’ the darkening hedgerow lanes
I thought there was a something by my side—
A kind of feeling, that there walked beside me
Something—I know not what—I felt it’s breath
Upon my ear—as if it whispered me—

SAVILE.

Tush, man!—you’re fasting—let us in to supper—

FELTON.

No—no!—

LILIAN.

And did you gather what it said?

FELTON.

Ha! ha!—no—nothing, Lilian.—I think the sky
Looks darker than it ought so soon to-night.

LILIAN.

Yes—yes—’tis dark—

FELTON.

And up—far up—I saw,
Where it was darkest—something—I could not tell
What it was like, at first—

LILIAN.

What was it like?

SAVILE.

Come, come—Aunt Bridget's waiting.

FELTON.

It took shape
Of a bare arm, and from a sword it held
Fell blood—I caught it on my face—

SAVILE.

Poh! poh!
A shower—it has been threatening rain all day.

FELTON.

I will not in to supper—

LILIAN.

But you shall—

SAVILE.

Drag him along!

LILIAN.

Come, Cousin!—

FELTON.

Well—I know not—
I trust that Heaven will keep us in right minds.

SAVILE.

We're coming, Bridget!

LILIAN.

Come—dear Cousin John!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Haysted. The Hall.*

SAVILE—BRIDGET.

SAVILE.

Be kinder to her, Sister—be more soft;
 She has little to amuse her.

BRIDGET.

Brother, brother—
 You'll suffer for this kindness.—I'm as kind
 As fits the difference of our years.

SAVILE.

Tut—tut—
 She's but a child—a little giddy child.

BRIDGET.

The very thing I say—a giddy child.

SAVILE.

But you shan't fret and tease her, Sister Bridget.
 What sort of man am I?—am I a fool?
 A clod-brained man? No—no—I wish I were!
 'T might save me many a grief before it comes,
 That sometimes is the worser part of grief,
 The fear—the apprehension.—Oh! be kind—
 Speak to my little Lilian.—Would to Heaven
 She were as formal in her mind—her thoughts—
 As cold and apathetic—

BRIDGET.

—Speak not so;
 Have I deserved it?

SAVILE.

No! you've not deserved it.
Forgive me, Sister—I'm a wayward man,
Saying often what I do not mean to say,—
Wearing a smile, God knows, when in my heart
There is no mirth—nay, over my very words
I have no power—they form themselves in jests,
Against my will.—I think that tears and quips
Come from the self-same quarter, and, or 'ere
The tear can reach my eye, the quip moves first,
And makes the tongue play guisard to the thought.

BRIDGET.

What is't you'd have me do?

SAVILE.

Speak cheerily
To the poor child. Ah! Sister, she's the last
Of all the happy faces that grew happier,
Long, long ago, when they were turned to me!
Bright eyes—all so like her's—and the same smiles
That show so sweet upon her lip—all gone!
I never gaze into her face, but there—
In look—the dear fond loving child-like look—
I see them all come back.—Speak kindly to her!

BRIDGET.

Ah, that I will—and kindly to you, too;
You are in grief, dear brother!

SAVILE.

Fiddle-faddle!
I'm an old fool, I think. Go, find the child—
I would not have her see me, for a while.
God send no farther claim from Buckingham
Of payments, or forced loans, may come to us,
To add to our misfortunes by the touch
Of poverty—as well as what I fear.

BRIDGET.

I'll go to her at once.—I hope that man
Will leave us in repose. You've paid too much
Already.

SAVILE.

Not a doit! 'Twas for the King.

BRIDGET.

But Buckingham spoilt all—and the poor King
Nothing the richer.

SAVILE.

Go to Lilian—go,
Let's have no treason here.

BRIDGET.

When I was young,
Elizabeth herself never made claims
Like this base upstart.

SAVILE.

Get you gone, I say—
God's mercy! will you let such things alone?
Go to the girl! [Exit BRIDGET.
'Twas truth tho', for all that.—
This Buckingham rough rides upon us all;
And his abode at Ipswich bodes no good
For us poor Squires.—If they advance that plea
About the forest bounds, I must to prison.
I have no coin to pay—Psha! they must take
The poor old acres—the old house—and all
Where there has been no name but Savile heard,
For two or three hundred years; and my poor child—
My Lilian—my poor Lilian!

(*Enter FELTON.*)

FELTON.

I'm just going—
I wish you may be happy, Cousin Savile.
I thank you for the kindness you have shown
To a poor Kinsman, for so many years.

SAVILE.

You're going, Kinsman? You'll come back to us—

FELTON.

No—no—

SAVILE.

Yes—yes! Why, how would Haysted look
Without your sober face? Folks would not know it
Without your solemn figure in the Hall.
We might as well take down the grim old lion
That stands above the gate.—Come, come—let pass
This idle humour.

FELTON.

But it *will* not pass—
It is not idle; I must go, I tell you.
God bless you, Cousin Savile!

SAVILE.

But *where* go you?
This is your home—where will you find a home?
Poor John!—you'll have no home if you leave this.

FELTON.

I'm going to see a friend in Huntingdon.

SAVILE.

Hem!—I don't like that friend of your's—he's mad—
More will be heard of Master Cromwell yet.

FELTON.

I think there will.

SAVILE.

Let him stick to his vats ;
He's a plain fanatic—keep out of's reach,
He'll bite you—or, if you go, swallow his beer—
Not his opinions.

FELTON.

When I have spoke to him,
I think to go abroad—and never return
To England more—and so— *(holds out his hand.)*

SAVILE.

What, never come back ?
Where is't you to go to ? To the Great Mogul ?
To Prester John ?—to the old Man in the Moon ?

FELTON.

I hear a Vessel waits in Bristol port,
Bound for America—

SAVILE.

Well ! and what then ?
You'll not go there ; think better of it, John :
You'll be a bastard Englishman—and, what's worse,
You'll hate your mother, and be a shame to her,—
Stick by old England, John, whate'er befals.

FELTON.

If Buckingham——

SAVILE.

Give him another trial,
Tell him your claims—

FELTON.

No—

SAVILE.

Won't you? Then I will—
I'll ride to Ipswich—

FELTON.

You shan't move a step.
I tell you, I've had counsel on the point.

SAVILE.

Who counselled you?

FELTON.

I know not who it is—
It's a kind friendly voice—I hear it now,
When you're not speaking.

SAVILE.

Nonsense, nonsense, John!
Go to a Doctor—not that Oliver Cromwell.
You're sick—

FELTON.

Don't go to Ipswich.

SAVILE.

If you'll promise
To come to me again.

FELTON.

Before I sail
I'll see you.—When you see my pretty Cousin,
Give her my blessing, and my grateful thanks
For happy hours she's given me.

SAVILE.

To hear you leave us.

She'll be sad,

Enter LILIAN.

LILIAN.

Father!—Oh, dear John!
Come to the window—Look, two horsemen coming—
Oh! two such Cavaliers!

FELTON.

I care not for such sights.
Farewell!—

LILIAN.

What, won't you look at them? There—there!
How stately sits the farther—and the horse—
Oh! father, what a noble steed!—John—John—
Why won't you look? You never saw such a sight!

FELTON.

Farewell!

[*Exit.*

LILIAN.

Why, what's the matter? He is gone!

SAVILE.

Aye, girl.

LILIAN.

I wonder who those horsemen are?
Oh! they've passed on—they're not for us—Ah me!

SAVILE.

You're disappointed?

LILIAN.

To be sure I am.
I thought they might be Courtiers—Oh!—if—if—
If they had been friends of lordly Buckingham—

SAVILE.

What then ?

LILIAN.

They would have told me all about him—
His looks—his dress—his voice—

SAVILE.

No more of that !

LILIAN.

There, father, you're as harsh as Cousin John.
Is he not great, and brave, and generous ?
A friend of our young King ; in all men's mouths,
As Chief of all ; gallant as Knight of old,
And Champion of old England 'gainst the world ?

SAVILE.

My silly child—he's the King's friend—the people
Think him no friend of theirs.

LILIAN.

The senseless people !
They are too bold, to lift their eyes so high
As the star-glowing head of Buckingham !

SAVILE.

They'll have his head rolled on a bloody scaffold,
'Ere long ; they think he's but an evil star.

LILIAN.

A scaffold ! But *you'll* fight for Buckingham ?

SAVILE.

Tush ! tush !—let's have no prating of such things.

LILIAN.

You would not fight—Father ! I see you'd yield,
And let the princely Villiers be the prey
Of grumbling—

SAVILE.

Broken hearts, and ruined hopes.
Go—go !—I thought to ride to Mendlesham—
I will not hence to-day—I've much to do.—
Go, silly one—but kiss me, 'ere you go.

LILIAN (*kisses him.*)

You would defend him !—there—I see you would—
Thank you for that sweet look !

SAVILE (*smiles.*)

Go—go ! You cozener !
She breaks my heart—so pure—so good—
[Exit LILIAN.]
So fancy-fed ! 'Twas thus my Alice pined
For something—anything—to pour the flood
Of her full, gentle, loving heart upon.
And Epslie never knew the priceless worth
Of the fond dreamer's love he turned away from !

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, here's a packet come express from Ipswich.

SAVILE.

Lay it on the table, William. [Exit SERVANT.
An express—
I cannot touch it—yet I know its drift—
I know the whole it bears—yet, for my soul,
I cannot summon heart to open it.
Psha ! this is weakness— (*Opens the packet, and reads.*)

I'm a houseless man !
 All—all—they claim them all,—being “ forest lands,
 “ Held from the Crown by Roger, Earl of Clare,
 “ And forfeited in the second of King John.”—
 I have some foe at work—“ recovery
 “ Ten thousand pounds, payable within three months,
 “ To our dear Cousin, George Duke of Buckingham.”
 There, let him take them all!—“ or such less sum
 “ As his good Grace may please”—no, not a doit—
 I'll die first!—Ho ! there—saddle Forester !
 I will to Mendlesham—I'll see my friends.—
 What ho ! there, quick !—I'll send along the road
 For John to come again—a stubborn fellow—
 And fearless, too !

LILLIAN—(*passing on her way out.*)

LILIAN.

I'll soon be back again !

SAVILE (*drags her back.*)

Fool ! fool !—by Heaven if you have so weak a heart,
 I'll slay you with this hand ! Answer me not.

LILIAN.

Father !—

SAVILE.

Come ! Let me hear you curse him as I do,—

LILIAN.

Who ?

SAVILE.

Oh ! Lillian, pity your poor old father !
 Bless you—dear child !—my heart—my heart is broken.

LILIAN.

What is it, father ?

SAVILE.

Nothing—nothing—see,
 I'm calm again. Come, will you see me mount?
 I've changed my mind, you see, and ride to-day.
 I shall be back to dinner. Come—come—smile!
 There—that's my own sweet Lillian once again!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lawn at Haysted.*

BUCKINGHAM—and NED TRIVETT.

BUCKINGHAM.

That fellow—I don't like the looks of him.

NED.

I did not bring you here to see *his* looks.
 How like you her's?

BUCKINGHAM.

I scarcely had the time
 To judge her points. He's a sour, sulky mule,
 That father.

NED.

He's the sauce piquant, your Grace,
 Might flavour a worse dish.

BUCKINGHAM.

It gives a relish
 Certainly—yes—a good stout curse or two
 From a grave, steady father, gives a relish.
 Are the men ready to rush forth upon her?

NED.

I've trained them well ; they'll seize her like a fawn
 Surprised by it's mother's side.

BUCKINGHAM.

Then out on them

We rush and rescue ; if she pleases me,
 So :—if I like her not—take her yourself,
 And in your favour I'll forego one half
 The fine upon the father. Ain't it kind,
 Just when he can't afford to keep the girl,
 To take her off his hands ?

NED.

Ho ! ho ! your Grace,
 There never was such wit ! But there she goes—
 Hark—there's her father's trot. Now—Ribble !—Smith !
 Aye—there they go—a scream—now ! now ! your Grace.

(LILIAN rushes in, pursued by the Men.)

LILIAN.

Save me ! Oh, save me !

BUCKINGHAM.

Back ! or your doom is sped—
 I guard this lady !—You're in safety, Madam.

LILIAN.

Oh, Sir—defend me—save me !

BUCKINGHAM.

Fear no more.

'Tis lucky I was near.

LILIAN.

Are the men gone ?
 Oh, Sir ! how can I thank you for your aid ?
 You are not wounded, Sir ?

BUCKINGHAM.

By hilding slaves
Like those?—no—not a thousand such Canaille
Could front me!

NED (*aside to him.*)

You forget you're in disguise.

BUCKINGHAM.

Come—come—be calm—be calm!

LILIAN.

Oh! if my father
Were here, to thank you.

NED (*aside.*)

Better as it is.

BUCKINGHAM.

Pray name it not again; a voice like your's
Might summon dead men from the grave to help you.
Who were the assailants?

LILIAN.

Wicked men they are,
Soldiers—but no, they don't deserve the name
Of Soldiers—they're let loose upon us all,
My father says, as if this land were France,
Not England, by the Duke of Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM.

Ha!—what d'ye say—the Duke of Buckingham?
Why, does the Gypsy know us all this time? (*aside.*)

LILIAN.

It is my father says so.—

BUCKINGHAM.

Does he know
In blaming Buckingham, he blames the King?

LILIAN.

I know not, Sir; but all the land is rife
With riotous bands of lawless men—they're lodg'd
In peaceful houses—evil, godless men,
And cowardly, too—and ran from the Isle of Rhé
With Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM.

Who told you that he ran?

LILIAN.

My father, Sir.

BUCKINGHAM.

And what's your father's name?

LILIAN.

John Savile.

BUCKINGHAM.

And his mansion Haysted Hall?
It serves the old villain right—I'll not forego
One acre of it all! (*aside.*)

LILIAN.

Will you repose you?
And you, Sir? He will soon be back again,
And will give thanks to the brave gentlemen
That saved me.

BUCKINGHAM (*to Ned.*)

Hem!—will it be safe to go?
When does your father come?

LILIAN.

In two hours' space
He must be here.

NED (*aside.*)

I think your Grace may venture.

BUCKINGHAM.

Two hours—you're sure he'll not be back before ?

LILIAN.

Unless he meets Sir Simon Allington,
Or can o'ertake my Cousin John.

BUCKINGHAM.

Meanwhile
You'll entertain us ?

LILIAN.

To my utmost strength.

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

Whose screams were those I heard ?

BUCKINGHAM.

This gentle Maid's.

LILIAN.

Oh ! Aunt—these gentlemen have rescued me
From Robbers' hands !

BRIDGET.

Oh ! gentlemen, I thank you.
How often have I told you not to venture
Beyond the moat ? To whom am I indebted
For such good service ?

NED.

I am Captain Brown—

My friend is—

BUCKINGHAM.

Let me name myself, friend Brown.
I'm Edward Villiers—Kinsman of the Duke.

LILIAN.

Of stately Buckingham? Oh! let me look on you—

BUCKINGHAM.

Why? pretty one!

LILIAN.

Do you resemble him?

BUCKINGHAM.

They say I do—

LILIAN.

No—no!—you're not like him.

BUCKINGHAM.

Did you e'er see him?

LILIAN.

Often—in my dreams.

BUCKINGHAM.

Ha! ha!

BRIDGET.

Excuse her, she's a silly Girl.
She knows not what she says. She's a spoilt Child—
Her father's darling—and she never took thought
Of Duke or Earl. If such a thing were heard,
The Duke might think it treason. I could wish
Your friend had better Kinsman—

NED.

Than the Duke ?

Is he no favorite here ?

BRIDGET.

How should he, Sir ?

Has he not loaded my poor brother's back,
Till it's clean broke, beneath the weight of loan,
And gift, and ship-money, and benevolence ?
I wish poor Cousin John had left the man
To fight the French himself, at the Isle of Rhé.

NED.

Who's Cousin John ? Is he a gallant youth,
And loves fair Lilian like a Paladin ?

BRIDGET.

He loves his Bible better, and his sword.

NED.

Out on the crop-eared cur !—the Puritan !

BRIDGET.

He is a gentleman—and a gentleman's son,
A gentleman's grandson, and great grandson, too,
And grandson on to that, and on again—
More than that upstart Villiers—

NED.

Not so loud.

You may catch cold.

BRIDGET.

But since this gentleman
Has saved my Niece—and cannot help his fate
In being his Kinsman—will you honor me,
By entering the Hall ?

BUCKINGHAM.

That very word
Was said by lips, 'twere treason to resist.

NED (*aside.*)

Hem!—hem!—the Treasurership is safe.

BUCKINGHAM.

And Lillian—

Lilian's your name?—the pretty, liquid name,
That flows like music from the heart and lips,
Because the name is yours.

NED (*bows.*)

Permit me, Madam.

(NED *leads* BRIDGET *out.*)

BUCKINGHAM.

Let them go in;—no hour has shone so bright
In all my life as this that brought me here
To be your aid, your champion.

LILIAN.

Is your voice

Like the great Duke's?

BUCKINGHAM.

Oh! very like his voice—

(BRIDGET *calls from within.*)

BRIDGET.

Lilian!

LILIAN.

But Aunt is calling—

BUCKINGHAM (*aside.*)

Here's a conquest,
Without the formal trouble of a siege,
Or even showing myself before the Town !

LILIAN.

I thought his voice was different—

BUCKINGHAM.

Well—I know not—
Perhaps it is.

LILIAN.

'Tis very different, Sir—
Very—Oh ! very different.

BUCKINGHAM.

Your hand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Hall at Haysted.*

BUCKINGHAM—and NED TRIVETT.

BUCKINGHAM.

Will they say after this, that Buckingham
Knows nought of generalship and points of war ?
Why, here we are within the enemy's walls !

NED.

On excellent terms, too, with the garrison.
Your Grace should edit Cæsar's Commentaries,
With notes and annotations.

BUCKINGHAM.

It looks well
 For our French war. Let Richelieu look to it.
 We'll be in Paris soon ; and storm the Louvre
 With the fair Queen, glad to capitulate.

NED.

You'll be a second conquering Alexander,
 In King Darius' Tent.

BUCKINGHAM.

Not quite so modest
 As the poor Macedonian ; Austrian Anne
 Would have scant envy of the Persian Queen.
 But hist ! they're coming.

NED.

Shall I lend a push
 To the old Gorgon Guard into the moat ?

BUCKINGHAM.

No—'tis not ripe yet.—I will have her yield
 Of her free will,—I'll kindle in her heart
 Pure love and true ; I'm tired of the false fires
 Of feigning, fawning, cozening flatterers,
 Like our Court beauties.—This is something new.
 You must instruct her how to love me, Ned.

NED.

I—how ?—unless by showing her example ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Oho !—you're very faithful—to the Treasurership.
 No—no ;—speak well of me,—fill up her heart
 With but my image,—tell her where I stand
 In the world's eye,—how I can lay my foot
 On all the proudest heads in the whole realm,—
 How Spain is fixed at gaze to watch my steps ;—

How France is trembling, when she hears my name.
 'Tis by the ear, those Country Girls are won.
 And for my part, I'd rather have my praises
 Sounded to *her*, than try the vulgar way
 Of whispering praises of herself for ever.

NED.

I will, Sir—I need only speak the truth—

BUCKINGHAM.

Do—if you can—but I misdoubt you, Ned—
 You've practised it so little.

NED.

Oh—your Grace—

Enter LILLIAN.

BUCKINGHAM.

And now, fair Lillian, I must kiss your hand.

LILIAN.

I thought not you would go so soon. Oh! wait—
 My father will be back—

BUCKINGHAM.

Alas! sweet child,
 I would I might; but we are missed 'ere this
 From Ipswich.

LILIAN.

Oh, that Duke!—I think, at last,
 I must join all the world in his dispraise.

BUCKINGHAM.

What, you?

LILIAN.

Oh, no! I meant not what I said.

BUCKINGHAM.

His Grace would feel more sorrow at your frown,
Than at all Parliaments, and babbling fools,
That grudge his greatness.

LILIAN.

Oh! Sir; if he knew
How easily a great man wins all hearts
By simplest act—by but a smile—a look—!

BUCKINGHAM.

Why, no one has accused his Grace, till now,
Of ignorance in winning hearts.

LILIAN.

But then
He loses them—Oh! tell him to cast off
The crowd of selfish, base, designing knaves,
That keep his noble nature from its use.

NED.

The Gypsy!

LILIAN.

He is like the sun in Heaven
Hemm'd in by clouds;—let him disperse them all
With his strong beams, and shine on all the earth,
Known only by the blessings he bestows.

NED.

Ah! if you knew his Grace—

LILIAN.

I know him, Sir,
Better than you—

BUCKINGHAM.

I think indeed you do.

LILIAN.

And you're his Kinsman?—Tell him, Oh! Sir, tell him
 That he is led to wrong, by evil men;
 Tell him that he is turning from his side
 Friends, that nought else could chill;—tell him, I see,
 Even in my father's face, there is a change.
 Oh! Sir,—my father cherishes in his heart—
 As a brave English heart will always cherish—
 His King;—but Oh! Sir—tell him—tell the Duke—
 His own proud heart will know—that the dread name
 Of King, means not the *man* that wears the crown,—
 It means Truth—Justice—and the embodied Power
 Of England:—and those men, those false-tongued men,
 Use Buckingham's great name, to cast to the earth
 Men like my father—Oh! it must not be,
 Tell him all this.

BUCKINGHAM.

I'll do the best I can;
 But if you spoke to him yourself——

LILIAN.

To him—
 I speak to him!—I—to Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM.

Why not?
 I fear the law is stronger for the King,
 Than is your father's claim.

LILIAN.

What law? What law?

BUCKINGHAM.

The Forest law, that forfeits this estate.

LILIAN.

Forfeits?—Ah! there again!—Ah, there it is!
 I told you—did I not tell you?—tis by this,—
 By tyrannous oppression, you make weak
 The love, that binds the Subject to the Throne.

BUCKINGHAM.

But 'tis the law—

LILIAN.

The law?—'tis not the law!
It is the law, that Kings should *guard* from wrong,
Not do it.

BUCKINGHAM.

Nevertheless 'tis as I say;
But if you'll plead before the Duke yourself,
I doubt not you will move him.

LILIAN.

Where?—where—when?

BUCKINGHAM.

He is at Ipswich.

LILIAN.

Could I see him at once?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye,—on the instant.

LILIAN.

I could do't in an hour—

BUCKINGHAM.

We'll guard you, and get audience for you.

LILIAN.

Yes,—

I'll do it.— I feel the last half hour has made
A change in me;—I feel here in my heart
Something, unlike whate'er I felt before.
Well—well—go now—I'll join you, 'ere long time.
I'll see the Duke.

BUCKINGHAM.

Farewell then.

LILIAN.

Fare ye well !

BUCKINGHAM.

Ned—Ned ! I've got her safe !

NED.

I thought you would.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM and NED.*

LILIAN.

I'll see him,—I will save him from this wrong.
He knows not—he suspects not what those men
Lead him to do. The man that has stood so long
By a King's side, should have the heart of a King,
Not of a grasping—lawless—but no, 'tis the law,—
They wrest that holy thing to their vile use,
Like the proud King, that filled with wicked wine
God's hallowed altar cups.—Oh ! the man's hand
On great men's walls!—“weighed in the balances”—
“Found wanting”—wanting !

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

Are they gone, my dear ?
I would have shown them farther courtesy.

LILIAN (*not attending to her.*)

Scaffolds instead of palaces. A thick smoke
Surrounds the throne of Kings ; and the dim eyes
Within it, see not the fierce, angry faces,
Nor hear the mutter'd curse of lowly men,
Till suddenly the smoke is cleared away,

And face to face they stand,—wretches cast bare
In the Amphitheatre—every Cage's door
Flung open, and the blood-eyed herd let loose,
Wolves—tigers—famine pinched—to tear them down.
Is't so with him—with lordly Buckingham?

BRIDGET.

What is the matter, Mistress Impudence?
Heard you not what I asked you? Are they gone?

LILIAN.

Gone—are they gone?—Yes—they are gone.

BRIDGET.

Indeed
I think you're dreaming! What's the matter, child?

LILIAN.

I think I'm not a child, from this time forth.

BRIDGET.

What folly's this?—You, not a child—what else
Will you be, Mistress Minx, for years to come?
Why, you are just seventeen—and not a child!

LILIAN.

Aunt, if my father comes, when I am gone—

BRIDGET.

And whither go you, Madam Littlewit?

LILIAN.

Oh—somewhere—nowhere—I shall soon return—
In two hours' space.

BRIDGET.

Two hours—upon my word!
It wants but an hour to dinner—But John Savile
Will find he's wrong.

LILIAN.

Will you bless me, 'ere I go ?
 Let my dear father's sister lay her hand
 Upon my head—say, "bless you, Lilian,
 "And prosper you,"—will you not bless me, Aunt ?

BRIDGET.

Aye—bless you, Lilian ;—but why bless you now ?

LILIAN.

Because I feel as 'twere my father's voice
 That spoke in you.—I will explain it all,
 'Ere long ; but kiss my father for me, Aunt,
 If you should see him first. Tell him, his Lilian
 Had not a thought, save to keep sorrow off
 From his white hairs ;—that if I fail, I fail
 In a most holy cause.—But Heaven is just,
 And will surrounnd the daughter with its love,
 Who struggles for a father. [Exit.

BRIDGET.

She is gone.
 But whither—and for what purpose ? But what use
 To ask ?—they would not tell ;—not one of them
 Consults me.—I might cry till I was hoarse,
 They would not answer. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Country Lane, a few miles from Haysted.*

FELTON (*shading his eyes with his hand, and looking to the side.*)

FELTON.

No—no—it can not be,—yet, as they passed,
 I thought it looked like Lilian.—I've had visions
 Of other things :—there ! as they crown the hill,

'Tis like her—Psha! my eyes are failing me,
 And conjure up whatever fills the heart.
 And who is he beside her? All day long—
 I've had a sight of proud faced Buckingham,
 Bleeding, and stretch'd on the earth; but there's a cloud
 Hides all the rest.

Enter BUCKINGHAM speaking to an Attendant.

BUCKINGHAM.

Walk my horse slowly on,—
 I'll climb the hill afoot and reach the town
 Without discovery— (*muffles his face in his cloak.*)

(*to FELTON, who stands before him.*)

What breeding's this,
 To block the way?—Yield, fellow—let me pass!

FELTON.

You might have different words to ask a favor.
 I think I've heard your voice, 'ere now—

BUCKINGHAM.

Perhaps

You have—I'm hurried—so—

FELTON.

Not yet—not yet.
 I fain would have a little speech with you,
 And know the name of him, who speaks so rudely
 To a poor man;—a gentleman—tho' poor.

BUCKINGHAM.

If you should hear the name, 'twould startle you,
 And bend your knee to the ground.

FELTON.

My knee bends to no name, but only One. I thank His aid,

BUCKINGHAM.

Well—well.—I must not let this fellow know me.
Good Sir, if I've been rude, excuse the fault,
A lady's in the case—you would not keep
A lady waiting—you have seen her pass.

FELTON.

On horseback ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye !

FELTON.

A minute since ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye—aye !

FELTON.

In a round hat and ostrich plume ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Yes—yes !

Excuse my farther stay—

FELTON.

Stop, Sir, I tell you.
I'm of slow brain—and sometimes very confused,
As if strange thoughts, that have no business there,
Perplexed my head?—but oh ! Sir, if you please—
You see I ask you humbly—let me know
What is the lady's name.—For Heaven's sake, tell me—
My heart will burst, else.

BUCKINGHAM.

You are not much used
To little affairs like this, to ask a name.
We never tell the name.

FELTON.

Will you not tell me ?

BUCKINGHAM.

No—no, Sir !

FELTON.

Is she waiting your approach ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye, panting for it.—She'll not thank you, Sir,
For this delay.

FELTON.

Mean you she loves you, Sir ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye,—madly, vehemently :—hasn't she left
Her father's Hall—on but an hour's acquaintance—
And scorned her prim old Aunt's best oratory ?

FELTON.

Her father's Hall ?—her Aunt ?—Now tell me, Sir,—
Is't Lilian Savile ?

BUCKINGHAM.

What an' if it were ?
But mind, I tell you not the lady's name.
Let me but join her.

FELTON.

No—no—

BUCKINGHAM.

But you shall !

FELTON.

Ha! in your voice there is a jarring tone,—
I've heard the tone before—unmask you, Sir!

BUCKINGHAM.

Out, fellow!—Grovel in the dust, base Caitiff,
I'm Duke of Buckingham!

FELTON.

Now Heaven be praised,
We've met at last!—Tell me you lied like hell,
When you said Lilian loved you.—Oh! my God,
I thank thee!—Villain—Duke! defend yourself,
There! there! (*strikes at the Duke.*)

BUCKINGHAM.

Ha! take your fate, then!

(*They fight—and BUCKINGHAM disarms, and wounds
FELTON.*)

Fool—farewell! [*Exit.*

FELTON.

Balked! balked! It is in guerdon of my sin,
My arm played false.—But we shall meet again.
I'll back to Haysted—if I die at the door,
I'll warn John Savile.—Oh! if Lilian
Has left her poor old father!—Bleed no more,
Till I've seen him—then let me bleed, and die! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Haysted. The Hall.*

Enter JOHN SAVILE, and CLAYTON.

SAVILE.

Not here! where's Lilian gone?—and Bridget, too—
None here, to give us welcome?—Well, well—come
Into my Hall—if that it is my Hall—

CLAYTON.

Nay—nay—take't not so sadly. If 'tis so,
No man is safe—I was just on my way,
When you o'ertook me, to ask your good advice—

SAVILE.

Advice?—alas!—my thoughts dwell on one point
So wholly—

CLAYTON.

Oh! but you've so true a judgment;
I told my wife—I says, “I'll see John Savile,
“He's a wise man”—and—now the matter is this;
Young Jewel comes to me from Ipswich town—

SAVILE.

Ipswich—

CLAYTON.

Aye, Ipswich, from great Buckingham,
And says the war requires great store of horse,—
Tho', for my part, I knew not there was war—

SAVILE.

Well—well—Ho! Bridget!—Lilian!—Well, Sir, well?

CLAYTON.

And lays command on me, to send him straight
My horses—Ronsard, my bay hunter—

SAVILE.

Well?

CLAYTON.

My mare Maid Marion, that I bought three years since,
At Bury fair :—I paid good thirty pounds.—

SAVILE.

Well—Liber? Bridget?—are ye deaf, I say—

CLAYTON.

Old Chancidor, my chestnut gelding—

SAVILE.

Oh!

Pray pardon me—my mind is ill at ease—

CLAYTON.

The sorrel Cob, worth twenty pounds at least,
All—all—but you've no pity for a friend ;—
I thought you'd feel for me.

SAVILE.

I do—I do—

CLAYTON.

Should I submit, and send him all I have?

SAVILE.

He has not claimed the whole of your estate?

CLAYTON.

No—God be praised!—

SAVILE.

Send him your horses then.

CLAYTON.

No—I'll resist—I'll not take your advice.
I thought you would have given me better counsel;
No—not a foal—a horse—a mare—a mule—
He shall not have a hoof—I'll die for't first.

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

Oh, brother!—Pardon, Sir, I did not see you.
(Curtseys to CLAYTON.)

CLAYTON.

Your servant, madam;—no, he shan't have one!

SAVILE.

Where is my Lilian hiding all this time?

BRIDGET.

Oh, John!—dear John!

SAVILE.

What is it?—where's my child?

BRIDGET.

She was waylaid—

SAVILE.

My Lilian?

BRIDGET.

Seized her before the door—
Wicked men

SAVILE.

Where are they gone?

BRIDGET.

And two brave gentlemen came to the rescue,
And took her from their hands.

SAVILE.

God bless them for't !
She was not hurt ?—Where—where is Lilian ?

CLAYTON.

You think I ought to send him all my stud ?

So

SAVILE.

To hell with all your stud and Buckingham !

CLAYTON.

Sir ;—Master Savile—

SAVILE.

Silly dotard—fool !—
See you not I have things upon my heart,
That make your words a torture ?—Where's my child ?
Where are those gentlemen ?

BRIDGET.

They're gone, dear brother,—
And Lilian, too, is nowhere to be found.

SAVILE.

But she's unhurt—she's well—she'll soon be back.—
Excuse me, Master Clayton ;—it were wise
To bargain with the Duke,—send him one horse—
Tell him he's welcome to one horse.

CLAYTON.

Brown Will ?
He's old and lame,—and keep the others, think ye ?

SAVILE.

Oh ! as you please.—Who were the gentlemen ?
I trust you gave them thanks.

BRIDGET.

I did indeed.—
But Lilian has been gone for two hours' space—

SAVILE.

Where ? Where ? To visit our good Parson's wife—
Send for her—

BRIDGET.

I have sent—she is not there,
Nor in the Village ; no, nor at the Mill.
Oh ! brother—

SAVILE.

Was't on foot ?

BRIDGET.

No—

SAVILE.

Not on foot ?

CLAYTON.

Another thing—d'ye think the tithes are charged
Justly, at full, on my grass lands—

SAVILE.

Good Heaven !—

Have you no heart ?

CLAYTON.

Well, I don't grudge the tithes—
But 'tis no thing of heart—'tis of the law—

SAVILE.

I know not law.—Send on all sides.

BRIDGET.

I've sent—

SAVILE.

Well?—well?

BRIDGET.

No answer yet; the gentlemen
She rode with—

SAVILE.

Sister—what was that you said?

BRIDGET.

The gentlemen she rode with, crossed the Park
To the north gate—

SAVILE.

What gentlemen?

BRIDGET.

The same

That rescued her.

SAVILE.

Saddle my horse again!

CLAYTON.

We fancy there's a modus,—but the Parson
Claims tithes in kind—

SAVILE.

Who's gone in search?—What name?
They told their names, those gentlemen?

BRIDGET.

Not to me—
To Lilian, perhaps—as she's gone with them.

SAVILE.

I'll find them, if they're breathing on this earth—

(Enter SERVANT.)

Well—and what news?—have you found trace of them?

SERVANT.

No, Sir—I only heard—she seemed well pleased,
And smiled, as she rode briskly with her friends.

SAVILE.

Friends—friends—I trust in the dear Heaven they're
friends!
What can she mean? Did no one send for her?

BRIDGET.

No, brother.

SAVILE.

Mark me, Sir,—no thought of wrong
Enters my heart.—She is as free from evil,
As are the Saints on high.—Bring me my horse.

CLAYTON.

And Simon Bray has known a case, he says,
Exactly like,—where, when the Parson claimed
Full tithes, they proved adjustment—where was't now?—
But you've no sympathy with my distress.
Farewell, Sir—

Exit.

SAVILE.

She is gone on some kind errand—
I know her innocent heart—to do some office
Of love and charity.—Whose step is that?

(FELTON, *outside.*)

FELTON.

Open the door !

BRIDGET.

'Tis Cousin John.

(Enter FELTON, *wounded.*)

SAVILE.

Speak ! Speak !—

What ails you ?

FELTON.

She has gone with Buckingham—

SAVILE.

Who ?

FELTON.

Lilian—

SAVILE.

Liar !

FELTON.

I am wounded, Savile,
I bleed by Buckingham's sword—

SAVILE.

My Lillian—Lillian !

FELTON.

I tried to rescue her—but for my sins
My sword play'd false.

SAVILE.

You saw her ?

FELTON.

Yes—I saw her—

SAVILE.

With Buckingham?

FELTON.

Aye! (*falls on the floor.*)

SAVILE.

Lilian—Lilian—

If he had brought me word that she was dead!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in BUCKINGHAM'S House in the High Street at Portsmouth.*

BUCKINGHAM—and NED TRIVETT.

BUCKINGHAM.

How likes she Portsmouth, Ned? How does she look,
After her hurried course from Ipswich town?
How did she like the journey?

NED.

Paused at first;
But when I told her I had seen her Sire,
And that he begged she'd see the Duke, she smiled,
Full of a buoyant hope to “move his Grace
“To spare her poor old father.”

BUCKINGHAM.

And she's now
Safe caged?

NED.

In the upper chamber.

BUCKINGHAM.

Is she gay?

NED.

As a pleased child,—yet mingling in her mood
A pride in what she's done in such a cause.

BUCKINGHAM.

And knows not what I am?

NED.

She takes your Grace
Still for your humble Kinsman, Edward Villiers.

BUCKINGHAM.

Let her be tended like an Emperor's bride;
Hang every wall with richest tapestry,—
Spread in her sight the gorgeous webs of France,
The wealth of Venice looms, and the light robes
Wove, as of gossamer threads, by the dusk hands
Of Indian women, sitting in the hot noon
Beneath the Palm tree shade.—I'd have a heart
Won to myself.

NED.

You cannot fail to win her.

BUCKINGHAM.

I know not. There are women, I've been told,
Can stand unmoved by silks and jewelry.
Perhaps she may be of them.

NED.

She's too young,
Too innocent pure, to have suspicion roused.

BUCKINGHAM.

We can but try. Send Epslie to me straight—
But here he comes.

(*Enter EPSLIE.*)

NED.

As sober in his looks,
As he had done a murder—

BUCKINGHAM (*to NED.*)

Get you gone!

NED.

Or broke some fond and trusting creature's heart,
And thought her ghost was near.

EPSLIE.

I've cautioned you,—
I caution you again.

NED (*to the Duke.*)

I wish you joy
Of your gay visitor,—he'll cheer you up.
Pray you, don't laugh too much! [Exit.

BUCKINGHAM.

I've sent for you
To tell you I shall want your help to-day.
Your solemn face, your steady look, your air,
Will serve me greatly. There's a Country Girl
That must be mine. 'Twas pride at first—then rage—
But now 'tis love that moves me.

EPSLIE.

Oh!—

BUCKINGHAM.

Don't speak.

Listen to what I say.—This little Girl
Knows me not—who I am—yet even now
She has some curious fancy in her head,—
(A strange wild dream, so near akin to love,
She scarcely knows the difference herself)
Of the Duke's greatness—power—supremacy ;
And all these thoughts she pours into my ear,
Thinking me nought but the Duke's kinsman, Edward;
And she's so soft—so sweet—so pure a thing,
That—

EPSLIE.

You will ruin her.

BUCKINGHAM.

What ! Ruin her ?

Why—what a word !—I'll lift her to a rank
That will be envied by the noblest. Ruin !

EPSLIE.

I only spoke a word in common use.

BUCKINGHAM.

Well—ruin—let it be ; for there's revenge
As well as love in what I do.

EPSLIE.

Revenge ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye. There's a proud old father in the case,
That braves me ;—we must break his heart.

EPSLIE.

For what ?

BUCKINGHAM.

For his proud stomach,—and some words of his
About myself. Now what I want from you,
Is help in this. She's of so pure a soul,
She'd start at shadows.

EPSLIE.

What's the help you claim
From me? Your Grace, I can give you little help
In plot like this.

BUCKINGHAM.

Oh! yes—you can. Your air
Is sad, and might be fitting for a Pope.
You must enact a lower part than that,
And bind our hands.

EPSLIE.

In a false marriage!

BUCKINGHAM.

Jack!

What ails you? Hasn't Ned Trivett donn'd the Cassock
And bands and wig, and joined "this man and woman"
In holy wedlock, half a dozen times?

EPSLIE.

He'd better do it again.

BUCKINGHAM.

No, but he shan't.
She knows him. You must be the Priest, this time.

EPSLIE.

I hope you will not ask it.

BUCKINGHAM.

But I do.
Refuse it, at your peril. Balk me not.

K

EPSLIE.

Who is it?

BUCKINGHAM.

Daughter of a gentleman
Of gentle blood, and full of trustingness.
Go—go,—disguise yourself. I would not wrong
Her conscience with the shadow of a fault;
I'll have her spotless pure.—I'll call you in,
When I have won her to consent to wed
The Duke, she dreams so much of.

EPSLIE.

If you fail,
If she will not consent?

BUCKINGHAM.

Have not I said
That I will have revenge?—And that she's fair—
Young—in my power?—Go—get your Cassock on ;
She will not scruple long.

EPSLIE

I cannot do it!

BUCKINGHAM.

Another will, Sir. Know you who I am?

EPSLIE.

Oh! Sir,—in anything but this—not this!
I have weight upon my soul already.
Ah! Sir—I left a gentle, trusting Girl,
To weep for me, when first I went to Spain
With your Grace, and our most gracious King—

BUCKINGHAM.

Because you ruined some poor doll yourself—
So long ago, too—

EPSLIE.

 Ruined!—Oh! she died
Purer—more holy—ruined her, your Grace!
 Alas!—I never whispered word of harm
Into her ear.—We loved each other, Sir,—
 A boy and girl,—and when your Grace's friendship
Tempted me forth,—'twas but that I might win
Wealth, station, to be worthier of her.

BUCKINGHAM.

Well, Sir,—go on.

EPSLIE.

 And when I came from Spain,
I heard, Sir, that her weak and gentle nature,
Loving and hopeful, had for months and months
Loved, and hoped on that I would come to her,—
Till hope died out at last, tho' love survived.
And then she died;—Oh! would that I had died
On the same day I heard that she was dead!

BUCKINGHAM.

Heroics these! But I don't like heroics.
I'll be obeyed,—not spoke to.—Will you yield
And do my bidding?

EPSLIE.

Is she fair and young?

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye,—fit to be my Empress—for a while.

EPSLIE.

I'll see her.

BUCKINGHAM.

So 'tis in your Reverend robes—

EP-LIE.

I'll do it.

BUCKINGHAM.

Then, good morning, Reverend Sir !
And do your office well. [Exit.

EPSLIE.

Will it be deemed
A ransom for my sin, if I save
This Creature from the gulf ? Ah ! Alice Savile,
If you had lived, I had not sunk so low
As to be asked to do so vile a deed !
Ambition ! This is then the poor reward
Thou giv'st thy servants. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Street at Portsmouth, before the Duke's House.*

SIR STEPHEN JEWEL, and a group of GENTLEMEN.

A GENTLEMAN.

So, in three days, we part for la belle France !

JEWEL.

For my part, I can't see the use of the journey.

GENTLEMAN.

'Tis to relieve Rochelle.

JEWEL.

It 'twere to take it,
'Twere pleasanter.—I've been within the Town—
And pretty Girls, my boys, and foaming wine,
And fat-pursed Traders, make it just the place
To siege by storm.

GENTLEMAN.

But they're our friends, you know.

JEWEL.

Well?—would you have them enemies, those Girls,
And cups, and traders?

GENTLEMAN.

'Tis to wreak his wrath
On the fox Richelieu, that our English Leopard
Whets his sharp teeth. Our master, Buckingham,
Will never stop, till he has forced his way
Over the Cardinal's neck, to the fair feet
Of the French Queen.

2nd. GENTLEMAN.

A fitting cause of war!

JEWEL.

No grumbling!—What old Strong-i'-the-arm is this?

(Enter SAVILE, passing down.)

Hail, Father!

SAVILE.

Your poor servant, gentlemen. (*tries to pass on.*)

2nd. GENTLEMAN (to JEWEL.)

Nay, let him go.

JEWEL.

No—no.—Hem! Noble Sir,
Excuse me, Sir,—we'd think your courtesy
Unthankable, if you'd but give us the name
Of the great Artist, that composed your coat.

SAVILE.

I took you to be English gentlemen;—
I must beg pardon of the first of the class
I meet, for the mistake.

1st. GENTLEMAN.

He has you there.

JEWEL.

Or if you'd teach us what great Architect
Thatched you—

SAVILE.

Young man, when you see hair so white
As mine, if you have no respect for years,
Think it perhaps is sorrow gives the colour.

JEWEL.

Nay, I but asked a simple thing.

SAVILE.

I answer you.
Simply, no less;—and warn you, 'tis not safe
To trifle with a man whose heart is sore.
Avoid me.

2nd. GENTLEMAN.

Come, come. Leave him.

JEWEL.

No, by Heaven!
This fellow shall change tone. Ho! know you, Sir,
I serve the Duke of Buckingham?

SAVILE.

You do?
And therefore you take license to your tongue?

JEWEL.

Aye,—but give none to others.

SAVILE.

Oh! Sir, pardon,
I'm faint with travel—and with other things.
Shew me where lives the Duke.

(*Enter FELTON.*)

JEWEL.

Shew you, indeed?
Ask any fool you meet.

FELTON.

He asked the first
He spoke to.

JEWEL.

Who are you, you insolent Cur?

FELTON.

Was it to me?—for I have much to think of.
If 'twas yourself you spoke to, pray excuse me,
But—

JEWEL.

Well?

FELTON.

If 'twas at me you aimed your words,—
I think I hear a bell in a Church tower
Toll slowly.—It is written in the Book,
Spare not! Come—fellow—

SAVILE.

No—no—John,
This way. They're young and impudent; they serve
The Duke.

FELTON.

Fit service for such things as these!
I think not to demean me with a menial,
Gibe on in safety.

2nd. GENTLEMAN (*to JEWEL.*)

Come—come—brawl not so.

JEWEL.

I'll punish them ! They shall not shame the Duke.
I'll have them sent as Sailors in the Fleet,
And flog them too.

SAVILE.

What kept you, John, so long ?

FELTON.

I had to buy a little thing I want.

SAVILE.

Oh ! Cousin, these are friends of Buckingham.
Be calm—be calm.—Get us a lodging, John ;
I'll find where dwells that man.

(*Enter EPSLIE.*)

JEWEL.

Ah ! Epslie !—Here !
Help us to hold our way against two dogs,—
Two country bumpkin fellows.

SAVILE (*to FELTON.*)

Heard you that ?
Heard you the name of him in the laced doublet ?

FELTON.

No.—I will get the lodgings.

SAVILE.

Wait at the Inn
When you've secured them.

(*Exit FELTON.*)

EPSLIE.

What d'ye want with me ?

JEWEL.

Assistance,—aid,—a gibe or two, in the first place,—
Then a few men, to carry them to the ships.

EPSLIE.

What have they done?

JEWEL.

Through me. Insulted the great Duke,

EPSLIE.

How?

JEWEL.

Why—well—I hardly know.
But they saw plainly here the green and white,
The Buckingham livery—

EPSLIE.

Well?

JEWEL.

And laughed at me.

EPSLIE.

Go—go—

JEWEL.

Nay, I will tell the Duke myself.

EPSLIE.

He will not mind you.

JEWEL.

'Tis a pretty thing,
When we, the higher orders, must bear insults
From Country Clowns like that!—I will not bear it.

EPSLIE.

Ha! ha! Go tell the Duke.

(*Exeunt JEWEL, and GENTLEMEN.*)

EPSLIE (*to SAVILE.*)

Sir Stephen Jewel,
Good Sir, is powerful.— If there's no affair
To keep you here, I hope you'll take advice,
Tho' from a Stranger, and get quickly hence.

SAVILE.

Time was, John Epslie was no stranger.

EPSLIE.

Sir?—
Your pardon! Look not coldly, Master Savile.
I once was thoughtless—vain—but never false,—
Never one hour. Let me but take your hand,—
I may not hear your voice in the same tones
As long ago,—I would not hear it, Sir,—
It breaks my heart to think upon that time.

SAVILE.

And other hearts are broke—or breaking yet!
I wish we had not met.

EPSLIE.

I'm glad we've met.
I've had a grief pent up, for weary years—
Oh, let me pour it forth, or I shall die,
Now that I've seen you once again!

SAVILE.

No more!
How dare you look on me, or name my name?
It should lie like a sentence on your soul.

EPSLIE.

Oh, Sir!—

SAVILE.

No—no.—I'll tell you all, John Epslie.
 When you were but a small, light-hearted boy—
 Orphan of old George Epslie of the Grange—
 Who was it played with you? And even then
 My hair was growing grey.—Who held your rein,
 When you first mounted—'twas on my Spanish mare—
 And taught you a good seat,—and practised you
 Over the bar in the paddock?—When you grew,
 Who was it was your friend—was it not I?
 As if you were my Son—aye, Sir, my Son,—
 I thought you were my Son,—I had no other.
 You gazed on *one*—but my voice leaves me now—
 With eyes, where love, and truth, and tenderness,
 Seemed but their natural look. I could not think,—
 God help me! sometimes I can't think it now,—
 That they were counterfeit.

EPSLIE.

You wrong me, Sir —

SAVILE.

No! I don't wrong you, Sir. You're one of the men
 That grow to such a height, you cannot see
 The pygmies that you once consorted with.
 Oh! yes, I doubt not when you tell your friends,—
 Your tinsel friends—your Courtier butterflies,—
 How a young Girl was all devoted to you,—
 And an old Squire—a blunt old countryman,
 Trusted you—loved you—Oh, the fool I was!
 I doubt not you wind up the boastful tale,
 By saying how much you pity the poor souls—
 The silly daughter—you shall answer this!
 Come, be a man! There's strength yet in my arm
 To whip a score such insects.

EPSLIE.

Here's my heart—
 If it will please you, let your sword end all;
 It needs no sword—your voice is death enough.

SAVILE.

Answer me—do you follow Buckingham?

EPSLIE.

Yes.

SAVILE.

And give help to him in his amours ?
 Heaven, wherefore sleeps your lightning ?—Off me, Sir !
 Can you be base enough for that ?—And yet
 He was a gallant boy,—as proud in heart,
 As he was kind.—Young man, if I am wrong—
 But no ! I can't be wrong—even now you wear
 The livery of the villain.—And 'twas this,
 This longing for a ribbon, raised your pride
 Too high for humble Haysted !

EPSLIE.

No—not so.

Pride, said you ? All the pride that ever rose
 Into my heart, took birth from Haysted.—Sir,
 Look on me. You will see beneath this show
 Of outward bravery, a poor, tortured man—
 Yet guiltless !—Oh, Sir ! if I had ne'er left home,
 I had been happy.—I was all so young,
 Twenty—no more—and loved her—

SAVILE.

No ! Sir, no !

EPSLIE.

I did—as Heaven shall witness : not a pulse
 Beat, save for her.—But, when a year was past,
 And I came home, they told me all ;—they told me
 How you had cursed me—Did you curse me, Sir ?

SAVILE.

I did.—

EPSLIE.

Withdraw it, Sir,—It must be that,
That hangs upon me like a cloud. Dear Sir—
For you are dear—aye, dearer, for her sake,
Than aught could make you in the world beside—
Lift up your curse—I cannot—cannot bear it!
I loved her—will you curse the man that loved her?
I've never loved since then.—I see you yield—
Let me but take your hand!

SAVILE (*softened.*)

And did you love her?

EPSLIE.

Did I?—God bless you, Sir, for this!

SAVILE.

Ah! John,
Three years have changed us all—three days—three days!

EPSLIE.

How?—You are trembling—

SAVILE.

When the grave is closed,
All's done; and even on the turf, the rose
Smells sweet above it. But the living grief—

EPSLIE.

What grief?

SAVILE.

You recollect my Lilian?

EPSLIE.

The little playful, merry, happy Lilian—

SAVILE.

Has placed a danger here. I wish I wept
For two, instead of one, in the Church-yard.

EPSLIE.

Is she—what is it, Sir?

SAVILE.

My curses fall—

EPSLIE.

Not upon her.—If you had felt the weight,
As I have, of a father's curse, you'd never
Lay it on such a head as Lilian's.

SAVILE.

She has deceived me,—left me in my age
To shame—to beggary—aye, beggary!
There's nothing left—they've ta'en the old Hall, and all.
Mount, mead, and holm; but 'tis not that—not that.
She—this—my child—my tender, sweet-eyed Lilian,
Flies from the falling tree,—a tainted thing,—
Into his arms.—Oh! may a father's curse
Burden his soul, in the dread day of doom!

EPSLIE.

Who is't has done this thing?

SAVILE.

She—she herself.

Oh! Epslie—she has left me desolate,—
Heart-broken, miserable,—a frail old man.
I think 'twere better I should die at once,
And leave her with her lordly Buckingham.

EPSLIE.

With Buckingham?—She has not left you long?
Not three days since?—She came to Ipswich first?
Then brought across to Portsmouth?—Savile! Savile!
You wrong her.

SAVILE.

Know you aught ?

EPSLIE.

I know her pure—

From his own lips I heard—

SAVILE.

Nay, tempt me not !

Hope—if it comes into this weak old heart,
Will burst it. Better leave it to its grief.

EPSLIE.

I tell you, she is safe—

SAVILE.

And pure, and good ?

EPSLIE.

Joy ! joy ! I'll take you to her.

SAVILE.

"Tis too much,
 The happiness would kill her.—Tell her, John,
 Tell her I'm near,—that I forgive her all.
 I could not think,—'twas but my tongue that spoke,—
 In my deep heart she was the same as ever,—
 My child—my comforter—my Lillian !

EPSLIE.

Come with me, Sir.—I'll tell you at more length,
 As we go on to the Duke's lodging.—Quick !
 A blessed chance !

SAVILE.

I scarce know what I'm doing.
 Let's to her—let me see her once again.
 Come,—pause not, Epslie ! But to hear the sound
 Of her sweet voice, and bless her !—Come.—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in BUCKINGHAM's Lodging.*

SIR STEPHEN JEWEL, GRANVILLE, and others.

GRANVILLE.

Trivett to have the Treasurership?—I thought
That Epslie had the promise.

JEWEL.

He's a fool—
He'll never rise—poor soul; I pity him;
He's like a fellow set to swim for his life
With a lead bullet tied about his neck:
He has a conscience,—so plump down he goes.
He'll never please the Duke!

GRANVILLE.

Well, 'pon my life
I think, Sir Stephen, you yourself have earned
The office quite as well as Master Trivett.

JEWEL.

No;—he's been lucky, Sir; he has an eye
For beauty, and a nose that finds the game
When others are at fault. The little elf
He found in Suffolk was a masterpiece.

GRANVILLE.

I don't deny his talent.

JEWEL.

Genius, Sir,
Talent's too low a word—Why, Sir, she lived
In an old Hall, guarded by aunts and fathers,—
Hidden like hoarded coin,—Locked up at night
Like jewels in a miser's strong box,—all

Against Ned Trivett,—yet, in less than a day,
 By his sole skill, he wiled her from her home,
 And lodged her with the Duke;—nay, more than that,
 Brought her to Portsmouth with her own consent—
 O, 'pon my life, you'll own that here he shewed
 Genius, Sir, genius.

GRANVILLE.

—But I did not know
 What he had done. It cannot be denied
 He's earned the place.

JEWEL.

But she's so very a prude
 'Tis doubtful if she'll yield with a good grace,
 Or play the victim in true tragedy style,
 And bring discredit after all on Ned—

GRANVILLE.

And what does Epslie say to't?

JEWEL.

I don't know,
 But I can easily guess it, "tush" or "psha"—
 As usual.—All I ever could get out of him,
 As his opinion of the sex, was "Tush,"
 If he was pleased,—as much perhaps as to say
 She's pretty well—or, if he didn't agree,
 Then "psha."—Jack Epslie is not eloquent,
 But it saves much discourse.

A GENTLEMAN.

I wish, dear Jewel,
 You'd follow his example, you've detained us
 From duties in the guard room.

JEWEL.

That is true,
 And I've to see our Master.

GRANVILLE.

Au revoir. [Exeunt.

SCEENE IV.—*A Room in BUCKINGHAM's House, richly furnished. Gorgeous ornaments lying about.*

LILIAN.

I chose the simplest robe,—the suppliant white,—
For am I not a suppliant? And my hair
Needs nought, of all these gaudy diadems,
But a plain rose.—Oh! if I move the Duke,—
Who *must* be kind,—to have mercy on my father,
To save him from the arts of cruel men,
Who know not how it wrongs their Master's fame,—
What happiness—what perfect happiness!

(Enter BUCKINGHAM.)

Now,
May I not see the Duke?

BUCKINGHAM.

You shall, 'ere long.
I think the journey has brought forth a crop
Of younger roses in your cheeks.

LILIAN.

Oh! Sir—
Take me but to his Grace.—I need no speech,
Save what may bring me to him.

BUCKINGHAM.

So, your prayer
Is, to be brought in presence of the Duke?

LILIAN.

Yes—and to win him to my wish.

BUCKINGHAM.

I think

You cannot fail.

LILIAN.

Ah! Then you know his heart
To be soft, tender,—not the stony thing,
The selfish, proud, cold heart,—the common tongue
Gives to him.

BUCKINGHAM.

Is it thus, the common tongue
Bespeaks him?

LILIAN.

Aye—but not my tongue.—I know
He's of a higher nature; that the voice
Of a fond daughter, pleading in the cause
Of a loved father, will awake all thoughts
Of holy pity, in a heart like his.

BUCKINGHAM.

I think such voice, such eyes, such eloquence,
Will have far more effect, than the poor cause
Of an old father.

LILIAN.

Sir—you cannot know
What are a daughter's thoughts, or the great power
That good men feel, e'en in a father's name.

BUCKINGHAM.

What, if I tell you, Lillian, you have won?

LILIAN.

That he has spared my father!—Tell him, Sir,
There is one heart shall bless him till it dies!

BUCKINGHAM.

Is't your's, my charmer ? 'Tis reward enough
For sparing all the fathers in the land.
I tell you, Lilian, never was the voice
So potent with his Grace, as the light words
That part from lips like your's.

LILIAN.

What mean you, Sir ?

BUCKINGHAM.

That he has seen you—nay, has listened to you.

LILIAN.

Has he ?—I thank him that he has heard my prayer,
And yielded. Let me go to tell my father.

BUCKINGHAM.

Oh ! you'll have more to tell him, if you stay.

LILIAN.

Why should I stay ?—an hour—a minute's lost,
That keeps me from my father's arms.

BUCKINGHAM.

Not so—
For other—tenderer arms shall open wide
For you.—Ah ! Lilian,—can you grudge the man
One smile, who tells you he will spare your father ?

LILIAN.

A smile ?—I tell you, Sir, he'll have my prayers—

BUCKINGHAM.

Aye, all his life,—he'll earn them by his love,
His care—his tenderness—

LILIAN.

What words are these ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Of truth—of love.—I've heard from your own lips,
Your innocent, sweet praises of the Duke.
Your love for him, has won his love.—See here,
I am the Duke. The lordly Buckingham
Is at your feet.—Why is your look so cold ?

LILIAN.

You will not spare my father.

BUCKINGHAM.

How do you know ?

LILIAN.

For you've deceived me.

BUCKINGHAM.

'Twas to win you, sweet.
Your father's fate is in your hands.

LILIAN.

I would be gone.—I waken from a dream ;
I go.—

BUCKINGHAM.

Nay, nay—not yet.—What, is this all ?
I tell you, Lilian, I love you, dote on you,—
Nay, that my heart glows with so holy a flame,
I'll wed you.

LILIAN.

Let me go.—I will not plead
For more than license to depart.

BUCKINGHAM.

How now?

Heard you I said I'd wed you?—I, the Duke?

LILIAN.

I heard you, Sir.—Rather in beggar weeds
Would I go forth an outcast thro' the world,
Than wed so mean a thing, as falsehood makes.

BUCKINGHAM.

I warn you,—these are not the words to soothe
The wrath, that may consume your father's hopes.

LILIAN.

Sir!—Let me go.—Name not my father's name.
His honest name is not for lip like yours.
You warn me—take a warning back from me.
Bethink you of the gulf you stand on. Think
That a whole land heaps curses on your head,
And I—fond, dreaming, senseless, foolish girl,
To think you pure and noble! Hear me now;
You've played the spy—the traitor; look on me,
I would not wed you,—if, by saying the word,
I could win kingdoms.—I shall seek my home,
If 'tis still left, and at my father's knees
Pray for God's help, since man's is useless.

BUCKINGHAM.

Stop!

You shall not balk me so.—You leave me not.
What ho!—come forward, Priest, and join our hand.
'Twill save the qualms of an uneasy conscience.
Nay, mock me not—I hold you here. No power
Shall rescue you. Here comes the Chaplain.

Enter SAVILE.

SAVILE.

Hold!

BUCKINGHAM.

What fool is this?—Begone, Sir!—I'm the Duke.

SAVILE.

Nay, smile, my Lilian!—I'm her father, Sir.
 You're safe, my child, I hold you in my arms.
 Back, villain!—There's a holy Power that guards
 Father and Child from wrong.—Begone!—My Lilian!

BUCKINGHAM.

I shall be back to spoil this holiday.

[Exit.]

LILIAN.

You will not leave me! Let us hence from this,—
 But I am faint and weak—

SAVILE.

My giddy one!
 My little, wayward, gentle, loving Child!
 Was't thus your sick heart ministered to itself,
 By pouring all the riches of its life
 Into one treasure-house;—stringing its pearls
 Round a fond idol's neck;—flinging a light
 From the soft censer of its passionate fancy
 Upon an image carved from its own thought,
 Until it grew a God!

LILIAN.

I was most wrong.
 Hold me, close! close! Hide my poor aching head
 Here on your breast.—Oh! father, let your arm
 Circle me!—guard me!—I am so sick at heart.
 But I will never leave you any more.

SAVILE.

My daughter!—my poor trembler, rest you here!

(During this speech, BUCKINGHAM enters with Followers, EPSLIE by his side. While SAVILE kisses LILIAN, BUCKINGHAM makes a sign to the men to seize them. EPSLIE looks anxiously on. As the men advance, the Act closes.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in FELTON's Lodging.* A
Window towards the Street.

FELTON.

I think the time cannot be far off now.
 I feel such throbings,—and can't guess the cause ;
 But, hour by hour, the feeling grows more strong.
 It's like the light I've seen, when we were camp'd
 Near Fort Ste. Prie ;—the sky grew grey at first,
 Then whiter,—long before the sun rose up
 Behind the Town,—and as the time came near,
 Everything grew distinct, and yet no eye
 Saw the sun's face.—I see as clearly now,
 As were it done before me.—I can't tell
 What Spirit it is, that struggles in me so.—(*laughs*)
 Ho! ho!—if it were Satan's trick, he's foiled.
 All comes as if from Heaven,—a mind at rest,—
 Nerves steady,—and a full assurance here.
 Lie there—(*lays a knife on the table.*)

I fancy I can read some words
 Upon the blade,—my breath has stained it,—now
 'Tis clear again—aye—clearer, for the stain.
 So 'tis with fame.—They'll blacken me for this,
 But my poor name will brighten for't the more.

(*looks out of the window.*)
 How clear the sky is ! What a pleasant thing
 To look up in the blue, and see no cloud !
 Ho ! Savile !—There's my Cousin with a man,—
 What ails him ? This way, Savile, Master Savile !
 Go to your rest again. (*puts the knife in the sheath.*)

(*Enter SAVILE, and EPSLIE.*)

EPSLIE.

Rest quiet here.
 They know not where you are. As for myself,
 If I can aid you—with my life—Ah ! Sir,
 Heed not a life, that's so unblest as mine—
 I'd give it for the sake of your very name.

SAVILE.

Thanks—but we have no time to bandy thanks,—
I'll save my child, I tell you,—or, if not,—
I wear a sword, and wish to die ;—her fate
Shall have a venger.

EPSLIE.

In a minute's space,
I'll bring you word.

SAVILE.

Quick—quick !
(Exit EPSLIE.)

FELTON.

What ails you now ?

What is it, Sir ?

SAVILE.

I've found my Lilian—

FELTON.

Well ?

SAVILE.

I tried to rescue her, but from her side
They kept me, while that villainous lord looked on,—
Dashed me into a cell,—a free born man,—
A father ! Locked me in with bolt and bar,
And there I might have struggled in the toils,—
While Buckingham—Oh, horror !

FELTON.

All is clear.

These are the very words I've heard so long,
When no once else heard aught.

SAVILE.

If in an hour
We save her not, and rescue her from his grasp,
This earth we live on, is no place for me.

FELTON (*draws the knife, and shows it to SAVILE.*)

Ho ! ho !—the very syllables writ here.
How strange, the solid steel should sink in shapes
So plain to read !—See ! read it for yourself,
See you no words ?

SAVILE.

No.

FELTON.

Look more fixedly.
See you not, “Slay the ungodly in his pride?”
I see it plainer than the largest text,
“Slay the ungodly.”

SAVILE.

John—your wits are shook,—
Heav’n knows, and so are mine.—What is’t you mean ?

FELTON.

To be a Samuel to this Agag Duke.
I’ll hew him where he stands.

SAVILE.

Not so—not so—
Give me the knife. [*Tries to take the knife.*]

FELTON.

What would you do with it ?
The knife is mine—I tell you it is mine;
It has no text for you. I keep the knife.

SAVILE.

You shall not !—Would you be a murderer ?

FELTON.

As Joshua was,—it is no murder, Sir,
I tell you ‘tis commissioned.—Look you here,
A word is written on the other side,
“Spare not !”

SAVILE.

You shall not. You're an Englishman.
 I bear a sword—I bear an honour'd name—
 The noblest in the land should yield me right,
 Sword-point to point. Give me the knife, I say !
 I will not owe my daughter to a deed
 So foul.—If there's a hand of living man
 Can sanctify such act, it would be mine,
 Not yours.—You shall not have it !

(*After struggling during this speech, SAVILE gets the knife.*)

FELTON.

If 'tis so,
 Amen ;—but in my ear this very moment,
 As if a winding sheet were round my head,
 There's a thick sound, that covers up the “Amen.”

SAVILE (*to himself.*)

No—no—I will not yield—no—not a knife !

FELTON.

Take one, take all—there's something here no less.
 A soothing draught—let me be reft of both. (*gives a phial*)

SAVILE.

What's this ?

(*Takes the Phial, and leaves the knife on the table.*)

FELTON.

What I was wrong to think upon.
 If these poor limbs must suffer on the rack,
 Better not dull the pain,—for every pang
 Will be a sound of praise for what I've done.

SAVILE.

What is't you mean ? Dear Cousin,—your look is wild—
 And this is poisonous stuff !

FELTON.

A draught of it,
They told me, would put life so gently out,
Like a child's slumber. It was for myself.

SAVILE.

No—no—no need for that. We'll save her yet,
High hand and open face. No knife—no drug.

FELTON.

Jael smote Sisera—but wilful men
Will have their way.

(*Enter EPSLIE.*)

SAVILE.

Well?—Well?—let me hear all—

EPSLIE.

The conference with the French draws near a close ;
Lilian is in her chamber in sure guard,
And Buckingham, to glut his villainous pride,
Will never spare.

SAVILE.

No more!

FELTON.

I know that voice.

SAVILE.

'Tis Epslie—young John Epslie—I was wrong
To blame him, he has had grief as heavy as mine.

FELTON.

Have you?—Your hand.

EPSLIE.

Come, help us.

FELTON.

Ask for help
On High—not man's.—I tarry by myself.

(*takes the knife, and puts it in his bosom.*)

'Tis Heaven that lays it in my path.—Lie close. [*Exit.*

EPSLIE.

There's yet a hope. I have just heard the King
Lodges at Porchester Fort to day. I'll see him—
Go you to Buckingham meanwhile,—nay—nay,—
Go—face him boldly ; try to move his heart ;
And as you live, delay him ! Ere an hour
I shall be back from presence of the King
With warrant of protection.

SAVILE.

Take me back
To Buckingham. I'll humble me in the dust.
He cannot help relenting ; when he sees
An old man's grief, he'll soften.

EPSLIE.

Try him, Sir,—
But above all, keep him in parley long.
And now then, come !

SAVILE.

I'm nerved for the attempt—

EPSLIE.

Oh ! quick, Sir—

SAVILE.

You must see her, ere you go,—
Deliver her a message—

EPSLIE.

Yes—but come!

SAVILE.

I've been in prayer,—I think I am not wrong,—
There is a struggle yet—

EPSLIE.

Come!

SAVILE.

Epalie!—here,—
Look you, I'm but a plain, unlettered man.
You know me.—I affect no flights of feeling;
I therefore keep myself as calm, as if
This heart,—this life, were not upon the scale.
Epalie—there was a father long ago,
A Roman,—so I've heard,—but I forget
His name,—no matter. He had a blessed child,
As mine has been to me,—a loving thing,
That was as an angel's Presence in his house,
As mine has been; and when some tyrannous Lord,
Some villain Praetor looked upon his child,
And would have stained her spotless innocence,—
The father, Epslie,—that fond, loving father,
Lifted his sword, and struck her, that she died,
With her meek head on his breast. I've told the tale
To Lilian;—tell her— * * * * *
And give her this—(*gives him the Phial*)
She'll know what it is for.

EPSLIE.

This, Sir?

SAVILE.

I've said it.

SAVILL.

~~For we are not here
To do, nor I get audience of the King,
And claim his master.~~

SAVILL.

~~There's a greater King,
And never master—Doubt—But it is you—Know.~~

SCENE II.—LILIAN'S ROOM.

LILIAN.

Break—break, weak heart! What a foolish dream was mine
Of truth, or kindness, in so base a thing.
As this Court vision! But my father's voice
Will reach the King,—the King will see the look
Where honor dwells, as light dwells in a star,
And cast this tyrant down. It cannot be,
That this is England, if such deeds are done
Uncheck'd. Here stand I in my innocence,
Unfriended—lone—forsook of all the world,
Yet have I trust in Thee!

(Enter EPSLIE—he keeps his back to her, while closing
the door.)

LILIAN.

Move not a step!
I stand enguarded in the charmed ring
Of a weak Orphan's prayer!—I scorn your power.

EPSLIE.

Lilian,—you know me not.

LILIAN.

Your voice is kind,—
I know you—you're John Epslie.

EPSLIE.

And your friend.

Nay, trust me.

LILIAN.

Alice! Alice!

EPSLIE.

By that name—

The name that's dearest to my heart of all,—
Trust me! 'Tis from your father—

LILIAN.

You're a friend

Of this poor Buckingham—

EPSLIE.

No—no—his friend!

I tell you, 'tis to save you from his power,
I've come to you.

LILIAN.

To save me from him! How?

EPSLIE.

As I passed thro', the Hall was empty. Come—
There's yet a chance.—I'll take you to your father.

LILIAN.

My father!—Epslie—were you steeped in sin,
Deep as your Master's self—that name has strength
To win you to the truth. You tempt me not
With baseless hopes?

EPSLIE.

By your sweet Sister's name—

By all the love I bear to her—to you—
To the old Hall;—Ah! Lilian, there's a sound
In your sweet voice, that summons back the days
When you danced round my steps, a laughing child;—
Would I deceive you?—I would die for you!
Come—Hark! what sound is that? Back—back, awhile!
Watchers are at the door.

LILIAN.

My father's near—

Come to him—come!

EPSLIE.

Alas! the way is barred.

Lilian!

LILIAN.

Why come you not? Give me a sword—

EPSLIE.

'Tis useless—we may yet escape—not now.

LILIAN.

Then you were false!

EPSLIE.

Hush! hush!

LILIAN.

I will not hush!

Give me your sword, I say!

EPSLIE.

"Tis of more use
In hand like mine.—Lilian, perchance this hour
We part for ever;—life is on the cast
For you—for me—for all.—There's yet a chance,

If I can reach the King ;—but if I fail—
 No—no—look not as doubtful of me, Lilian—
 If I should fail—if I do not return,
 Take this— (*gives her the Phial.*)—
 'tis sent you from your father, Lilian—
 He bade you think on the old tale he has told you,
 Of the young Roman daughter reft of life
 By him who loved her best,—to keep her pure.
 I may not add a word.—If I succeed—
 All will be well.

LILIAN.

I thank him for the gift !
 Tell him, I bless him for the trust he shews
 In his poor Lilian,—tell him, when she dies,
 She shall have thought of nothing but his love,—
 His tenderness,—and tell him, when you looked
 For the last time upon his daughter's face,
 It wore a smile—because she thought of him !
 Go now, my heart's dear brother! Fare you well!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Duke's Audience Chamber.*

Duke, French Noblemen, groups of Attendants, &c.
A curtained doorway at the back of the Stage—near it, an open window.

BUCKINGHAM.

Positive no.—I never hem and ha,
 It fits not with my station—nor my nature.
 I shall not sail till Friday.

SOUBISE.

But, your Grace—
 Pardon that I persist—each hour's delay
 Risks the good cause in France.

BUCKINGHAM.

I think our King,—
 Or, if I'm wrong, perhaps you'll teach me better,—
 But my poor thought was ever, that our King
 Gave me the charge of this whole armament ;
 And that its staying—going—marching—camping—
 Sitting, or standing—dancing—if I please,
 Hung on my will.—I think, good bully Ned,
 We shall not sail till Saturday.

SOUBISE.

Your Grace
 Surely forgets what straights the Citizens,
 The brave defenders of Rochelle, are in.

BUCKINGHAM.

Are they ? Then from my soul I pity them !
 I've been in straights myself.

SOUBISE.

A scarcity,
 With fever in its train, denudes the Town
 Of its best arms—

BUCKINGHAM.

I think, in that case, Sir,
 'Twere better send an armament of Doctors,
 Than a brave army and great General.
 I can't contend with fever.

SOUBISE.

My lord Duke,
 Hitherto I have paused to see you change
 This heedless humour. Is it all a jest ?
 Know you, your gibes are on a people's dearth ?
 That while you talk, they die ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Then bury them.

I think next Monday will be time enough ;
 For let me tell you, Lords, I won't be taught
 By e'er a Frenchman ; and besides, my Lords,
 I've business—business I would not forego,
 To save the neck of every Huguenot
 That ever snuffed praise.—Here, bully Ned,
 Turn all these people out.—Is she recovered ?
 Pah ! 'tis but bashful prudery. Go to her.
 Tell her, no power on earth—nor anywhere else,
 Can save her now ;—her father gagged and chained.—
 That she can save him,—if she yields at once,—
 But whether she yields, or no, she shall be mine.
 I'm coming on the instant.

[*Exit. NED.*

SOUBISE.

Please you—

BUCKINGHAM.

No !

(*They retire—BUCKINGHAM is going.*)

(*Enter SAVILE.*)

SAVILE.

Your Grace—

BUCKINGHAM.

Out ! fellow. Stop me not just now ;
 I will not be detained. Vengeance and love
 Summon me both at once.

SAVILE.

A word, I pray you—

A minute's space—

BUCKINGHAM.

Ha ! you again ? Methought
 You were digesting wisdom in a dungeon.

BUCKINGHAM. (*to the ATTENDANTS.*)

Leave us!

(*They all retire.*)

What want you here? I scarcely hoped the presence
Of Master Savile—

(*FELTON looks in at the window, during the rest of this
Scene.*)

SAVILE.

Oh, Sir!—spare me this.
I would not have you mock the breaking heart
Of a poor miserable man, like me.
For these three days have ta'en away my strength,
And all the pride I had.

BUCKINGHAM.

So, your pride's tamed!
What tempted you to cope with Buckingham?

SAVILE.

I knew not that I coped with you;—my Lord,
I never soared so high. In my poor home,—
In the four walls that shut my dwelling round,
I treasured all my thoughts;—a plain, blunt man,
That loved my King,—and never raised my eyes
To great men's doings.—I had never a thought,
Save of my humble sphere. And by my side
Grew up my little Lilian—my poor child—
The last remembrance left me of the days
When my old Hall was filled with happy tones.
A little child she is,—she's all I have,—
She never knew her mother;—a poor rose,
Sheltered by a rough wall.—Ah! pity us, Sir!
Send us in honor back! forego your purpose

BUCKINGHAM.

Forego?—How know you what my purpose is?
If 'tis to save your lands you come to me
Heav'n help ye, man,—they're forfeit to the Law--
I cannot aid you.

SAVILE.

Oh ! Sir, take the lands,—
 Give me my Lilian back!—I'd never grudge
 Park, field or tree— let us but live together.
 Give *me* my daughter, Sir !—as Heaven looks on,
 I ask but that ! (*kneels to the Duke*)

BUCKINGHAM.

No—by the Heaven you name,
 You shall not have her ! But I won't be hard.
 Why, man, we may perhaps hit on a bargain ;
 Suppose your daughter *is* within my power—
 Come—come—be moderate now. Take half the estate,
 And leave me Lilian.

SAVILE (*stands up.*)

Tho' I am all unarmed,
 Your life's in danger from these desperate hands,
 If you but say that word !

BUCKINGHAM.

Indeed!—in danger ?
 So, you reject the offer ? Blame yourself,
 If worse befalls.—I thought it might give you pleasure
 To have me for a three days Son-in-law.
 We must content ourselves, without your blessing.

SAVILE.

Poor bloated dastard, with base heart and tongue
 Profaning this poor bosom's sanctuary
 With venomous touch, like a foul viper crawling
 'Mong holy relics on the shrines of Saints,
 Boast on !—there is an Eye that sees us all, —
 There is an equal scale that weighs us all,—
 There is a judgment that hangs o'er us all.
 This very hour, perchance, the Angel's lip
 Is placed upon the trump, that speaks your doom !
 Pause.—

BUCKINGHAM.

No.—I've paused too long. Look not so bold,—
I will not brook your insolence.

(Enter EPSLIE.)

EPSLIE.

Oh! Savile,
Triumph! The King has set his gracious hand
To a protection. Read it, my lord Duke,
An order to set this man's daughter free,
With honorable escort to his home.

SAVILE.

Thank Heaven! Where is she?—let me see my child!
Monster! you thought to triumph in your power,—
To trample on my heart,—to rob my life
Of its whole sweetness,—but I scorn you now!
If Heaven had slumbered,—know, that earth itself
Has vengeance for her tyrants. Duke—beware!

[Exeunt SAVILE and EPSLIE.

BUCKINGHAM.

What! fool me with such toy! There! (*tears it*) to
the winds
Goes your protection. Bring that villain back!
Down with him to the dungeon,—if he stirs,
Stab him—or hang him!—I will have my way,—
She shall be mine,—if all the Kings on earth
Sign their protection!

SOUBISE (*coming forward.*)

Will your Grace reflect?

BUCKINGHAM.

No—I will not reflect.—I'll not be balked,—
Way—way, there!

(As he lifts the Curtain to go out, FELTON stabs him.)

Ha!—the villain—I am stabbed!—

(He reels in and dies. All gather round him.)

BYSTANDERS (*confusedly.*)

Who was it?—Seize on him!—Who did the deed?

A BYSTANDER.

Here is the assassin's hat—

FELTON.

Give me the hat—
I did the deed.—I knew it would be so.

JEWEL.

You?—Murderer!—Raise the Duke—he is not dead!

FELTON.

Oh! yes,—he's dead,—it was an excellent blow.
Ho! ho!—I have sure warrant he is dead.
I told him we should meet—and we have met.

JEWEL.

Bring them all in!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Ante-Chamber of LILIAN's Room.*

Enter LILIAN.

LILIAN.

I thought I heard a tumult.—Oh! once more
They've laid their villainous hands upon my father—
And—here has been that minion of his lord
To warn me of his coming. Let him come.
Oh they have roused my heart, not broken it—
Epslie not come,—and every passage guarded—
And He in chains—; Thus then my story ends.
'Twould have been sweeter to have died at home

In my own happy room, with my last look
 On dear familiar faces. 'Tis not hard
 To die ; it is to live is suffering.
 But His white head will bend beneath the blow,
 And his crush'd heart find peace beside his child—
 A step !—'tis now then time ; 'tis like a flight
 From following foes : I step into the boat
 And cross the river ; on the other side
 Is rest—is safety—honour !— (*goes into the inner room.*)

(*Enter EPSLIE and SAVILE.*)

EPSLIE.

This is the ante-chamber to her room—
 Oh, break your presence gently—

SAVILE.

Thanks, dear friend.
 The King's great name is as a tow'r of strength ;
 I will not linger on the threshold long
 Of happiness so perfect.

EPSLIE.

That's the door—
 Oh ! sir, I pray you pause not in your flight !
 The frown of anger'd greatness tho' 'tis hidden
 Is not so easily smooth'd—

(*SAVILE rushes into LILIAN's room, and the recognition
 is heard within.*)

EPSLIE (*listening at the door by which he entered.*)

What noise is that !—
 Something has chanced—a murmur—Come what may
 I've saved an honour'd name—again !—again !— [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—LILIAN'S Room.

LILIAN is supported in SAVILE's arms.

SAVILE.

Lilian !

P

LILIAN.

My father !

SAVILE.

Are we not happy now ?
Heaven has befriended us ;—our noble King
Has given us safety—we are free—my girl !

LILIAN.

Free—free—with you !—Come, father, let us go
To Haysted, quick !—I long to see my home.

SAVILE.

Aye—let us go—’twill be the happiest home
On England’s ground. We’ll have no dangers more,—
No partings—Ah ! you little fence-breaker,
I’ll lock you up, and give your Aunt the key ;
I’ll teach you to become the Orator
In your old father’s cause ! But you are so pale.
You tremble,—lean on me, my Lillian ; but
I tremble, too ;—’tis with my heart’s excess.
Come!—we’ll to Haysted !

LILIAN.

This is too much joy,—
We shall be home again, with nought to fear.

SAVILE.

Aye, Child,—how pale you look ! We shall be home,—
You shall be once again the dear companion
You have been ever. You shall sing to me,
And dance before me. All will be a dream
That ‘minds us of this place,—a horrid dream,
But vanished, Lillian,—and reality
Shall be more sweet for our awakening.

LILIAN.

It will.—Come, let us go ;—but ha !—no—no !
What have I done ?—Dear father, let me lay
My head upon your shoulder. Will you bless me
As you were wont, before I go to sleep ?
For my eyes are so heavy.

SAVILE.

Aye, my child ;
I bless you, Lilian !

LILIAN.

When you're left alone,
You will not mourn ? You'll keep a heart of hope ?

SAVILE.

Alone ?

LILIAN.

Oh ! father, who will cling to you,
And love you, and support your tottering gait,
When I am gone ?

SAVILE.

When you are gone ? — What's this ?
What mean you, my poor child ? — You'll never go
Again from me —

LILIAN.

You'll think I'm only gone
Forth for a summer walk, and that, ere long,
I shall be back.

SAVILE.

My child ! your voice gets low.
The happiness has been too much for you.

LILIAN.

Father, if ever, from my childhood up,
I have offended you, or caused a pang,
Forgive me now,—and kiss me !

SAVILE.

Lilian—

LILIAN.

Now,
I think 'tis time to sleep—good night—good night !
(*Sinks from his arms, and dies.*)

SAVILE.

Daughter!—What thing is this?—She hears me not,—
You will not leave me in my failing age
Alone?—I will not let you go from me.
Stay with me—Ah! she smiles not at my voice.

(Enter EPSLIE.)

Epslie, look here. Poor Lilian's overtired,—
She's sleeping,—wake her not.

EPSLIE.

Oh, fatal draught!—
She'll never wake again!

SAVILE.

She will, I tell you!
She is but asleep.

EPSLIE.

Alas! she's dead.

SAVILE.

No—no—
You know not what death is.—I tell you, Sir,
She will be fresher, bye and bye.—What! dead!
Why should she die?—so young,—and I not die,—
An old man? No, Sir—she will soon arise,
And forth for Haysted.

EPSLIE.

You are ill, dear friend—

SAVILE.

Did she did not tell me so?—that she would hence
To Haysted?—Lilian,—let me take your hand,—
See, Sir,—she'll smile.—Get up—my child!

EPSLIE (*supporting SAVILE in his arms.*)

Alas! Sir,—I will lead you home.

SAVILE.

I have no home.
Dead! dead!—I have no home—no home but here.

(*curtain falls.*)

THE END.

I have delayed the publication of this Play that I might have it in my power to express my obligation to the ladies and gentlemen engaged in its representation at Sadler's Wells.

To all I owe my thanks for their zeal and attention ; to Mr. G. Bennett, in an especial manner, for the earnestness he imparted to the difficult rôle of Felton. Mr. Marston also exerted himself with great success in his impersonation of the Duke of Buckingham.

Of Messrs. J. T. Johnson, Hoskins, Scharf and Younge I will only observe that they fully satisfied my expectation. Mrs. Marston's Aunt Bridget was every thing I desired.

It is useless to say more of Miss Laura Addison than that she displayed all the tenderness and depth of feeling in her representation of Lilian Savile which have made her one of the most affecting and interesting actresses on the stage.

But the mere expression of thanks is a very inadequate measure of my feelings towards Mr. Phelps. I do not allude only to his acting in John Savile—though that is a “presentment” of the highest delicacy and

finish—but to the great skill he showed in bringing the drama so perfectly on the boards.

A superintending Judgment is perceptible in the management of Sadler's Wells—in noble emulation of that which once presided at Drury Lane—directing all the powers of the establishment to one point;—by an admirable taste in grouping the personages of the scene producing the most exquisite effects—and by a rare union of the Painter's eye with the Actor's experience combining all the portions of a drama in one complete and harmonious whole. To Mr. Phelps therefore I feel bound to acknowledge my deep obligation for his judicious advice, and to confess whatever may be the fortune of this Play as a literary work, it is to him I am mainly indebted for its success upon the Stage.

J. W.

6th. November 1847.

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